

THE HOUSEWIFE

NOVEMBER 1910



THE A. D. PORTER CO., PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK



Scene on Riverside Drive, New York

Where Children Are Fed with Oatmeal

Among the homes of the educated—on the boulevards, in the higher-class sections and university districts—an actual canvass shows that seven in eight regularly serve oatmeal.

Among the homes of the ignorant—in the tenement districts—not one home in twelve serves oats.

The use of oatmeal depends on knowledge, not money. Quaker Oats—the finest of all—costs but one-half cent per dish.

It is where people know best what brains and bodies require that one finds the oatmeal homes.

Some Statistics

Here are some facts which we have discovered by an actual canvass, employing 130 men.

Four-fifths of all the college students came from oatmeal homes. So did two-thirds of the teachers of children.

Most of the leaders in every walk of life had oatmeal as a childhood food. President Taft is among them.

But only one in thirteen of the inmates of poorhouses was brought up on oatmeal. Only two per cent of the prisoners in four great penitentiaries came from oatmeal homes.

Among physicians, 8 in 10 regularly serve oatmeal. Among college professors, 48 in 50 eat it. The finest hotels serve one pound of oatmeal daily to each 18 guests, on the average.

But, in the lowliest vocations—where brains count least—the oatmeal users are exceedingly rare.

It is everywhere apparent that the use of oatmeal is everywhere in direct proportion to the average intelligence.

The Premier Food

A great English educator says that 90% of a child's fitness is fixed before it enters a school. And that fitness depends largely on food.

Oats are the greatest of all foods, especially for the years of growth.

They are richer than all other cereals in proteid, the body-builder—in organic phosphorus, the brain-builder—in lecithin, the builder of nerves.

No other food is so well-balanced as oats—so fitted for creating both brain and brawn.

The use of oatmeal is almost universal among those who know these facts.

Quaker Oats

The Utmost in Oatmeal

The oats used in Quaker Oats are selected by 62 separate siftings. We pick out only the richest, plumpest grains, and get but ten pounds of Quaker Oats from a bushel.

From these we create, by a perfect process, the finest oat food in existence. It is the kind that children love—the delicious kind which you will always want when you compare it with common oatmeal.

Quaker Oats, because of its lusciousness, has become the leading oat food the world over.

Regular size package, 10c

Family size package, for smaller cities and country trade, 25c.

The prices noted do not apply in the extreme West or South.

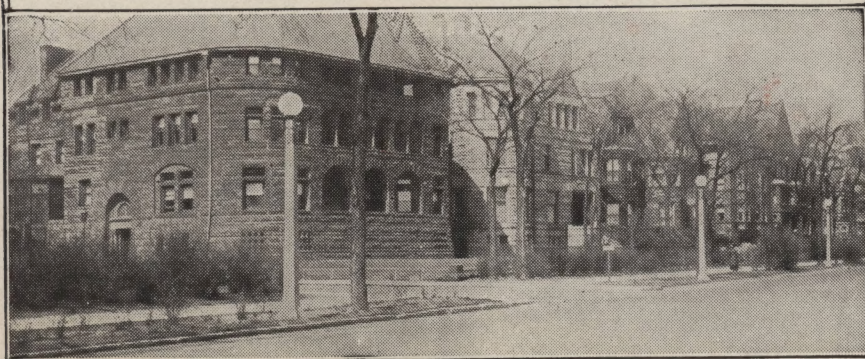


Look for the Quaker trade-mark on every package

The Quaker Oats Company

(74)

CHICAGO



Scene on Lake Shore Drive, Chicago

The Supreme Egotism of Young Girls

By Hilda Richmond



IF I had a daughter and she was half as nice to me as Mrs. L—is to her mother, I should be perfectly satisfied," sighed a matron to her guest as two ladies walked past the house. "Of course my boys are the best in the world, but I always longed for a daughter. Before Mrs. L— moved into the neighborhood I was beginning to be reconciled, because so many young girls are so careless of their mothers, and I thought perhaps I had missed a great deal of sorrow, but now all the old feeling comes back and my heart cries out for a daughter once more."

"Yes, she is a devoted daughter, but she 'was not ever thus' as the hymn has it. Mrs. L— knows that all her happiness comes from the fact that when she was a selfish, inconsiderate, headstrong girl her mother saved her from misery, and she is always trying to atone for it," said the friend. "It was only her mother's watchfulness that kept her from eloping with a worthless scoundrel, and she is thankful every day for that fact. I have known them all my life, and all this happened before they moved here. I remember very well how Fanny cried and stormed and declared her heart was broken, but her mother, with all the patience and love and watchfulness a mother can command, saved her. It isn't a secret, for Fannie L— tells her story to all the young girls of her acquaintance to save them from like folly, but she isn't always able to convince them."

The stories of young girls falling madly in love with worthless men do not always end so happily. In fact the very man from whom Fanny L— was saved, married a gentle, refined, educated young girl in spite of everything her friends could do and say, and dragged her down with him to poverty and wretchedness and disgrace along with innocent little children. There comes a time in the life of almost every young girl when she is so supremely egotistical, that Solomon himself could not give her counsel. Even the best and dearest maidens, who fall in love with the right men, imagine themselves endued with superior wisdom, and able for all things, when everything may have been so cleverly manipulated that they had no chance to fall in love with the wrong men. The mothers who know something of the will or won't power of young girls from experience and observation, quietly eliminate the fascinating scoundrels from their daughters' list of friends, and cling to the belief that prevention is always better than cure. "I never dreamed that Mamie would look at that dissipated John K—" wailed a mother recently. "Of course I couldn't be anything but friendly to him for the sake of his parents, but I didn't imagine there would be a bit of danger." So "for the sake of his parents" she got the young man for a son-in-law for a brief period, and then the daughter of the house took refuge in the divorce court. And not only that, but she bitterly reproaches her mother for allowing such young men to frequent her home and thus expose the young and foolish girl to danger.

Not long ago a mother was endeavoring to persuade her daughter that a certain young man with whom she was violently in love, or thought she was, would not make a husband who would make her happy, or even with whom she could live in peace and quietness. She pointed out the fact that his mother, his sister, his father and a host of friends had had infinite patience with his faults, and had set him on his feet time and again, all to no permanent advantage, but the girl would not be convinced. "They don't understand poor James," said the maiden loftily. "I am the only one who can save him, and I intend to do it." When the mother inquired when and how she got the superior wisdom that would enable her to transform a worthless life into a worthy one, the girl looked at her with a patient pity and said: "James says I can." From that there was no appeal, but in a few years James said something entirely different, and the girl declared she could not and would not live with such a brute.

And it isn't always on the marriage question that young girls imagine themselves wise above their relatives and friends. Many a time a girl has caused her family untold suffering by defying established custom, in the belief that she is asserting her independence. There are

women who are happily married, and against whom the world never utters a word, who look back with grief and shame to the days of young girlhood when they defied convention and the authority of parents, and yet at the time Heaven and earth couldn't convince them there was anything wrong with their actions. No doubt many of the rules and regulations of society, local ones especially, seem foolish and irksome to young people, but the only safe way is to respect law and order, even the unwritten law, which is often more powerful than those on the statute books, and brings swift and sure punishment. A young girl who openly defied custom in a small city, because she thought the rules foolish, found every door closed against her. She had a most miserable, lonely time until she had sense enough to show by months of careful conduct that she had repented of her folly. And yet there was nothing wicked about her conduct. In some places it is quite "the thing" for young married men to call on their married women friends, but in other places this is frowned upon. In some localities the young people go about freely to parties and entertainments without a chaperone, while in others that sort of social doings is looked upon with horror. But the young girl who sets up her will as authority against custom, may as well know from the start that she is bound to get into trouble.

Often the egotism of young girls is the direct result of the foolishness of parents, and brings the unhappy girl hours of misery when she awakens to a realization of her folly. A dreamy young girl who was accustomed to hearing her parents boast of her utter indifference, set herself to more thoroughly cultivate this trait. She mooned about home with her fond mother to pick up after her and watch over her like an infant, but when she went out into the world people had no patience with her. She expected the same homage from the world that she received from her foolish father and mother, but it goes without saying that she was dropped completely. Instead of educating the folly out of her, they prepared her for a life of misery. She feels ill used and neglected, so her parents pet her all the more and help her think she is a very remarkable girl. Just a little common sense treatment at the right time of her life would have helped her, or at least it would not have sanctioned the silliness, but it is probably too late now to save her to a happy, useful life. The young men of today are looking for sweet, human, sensible girls, not for dolls, so while her parents are boasting of her absent-mindedness and utter disregard of the common things of life, the other girls are having a good time and getting married and setting up happy homes all in the most common place manner. It is a bitter moment when the spoiled, petted darling of the home discovers that the world will not bow down and worship her, as did the home folks, but often it is the best thing that can happen, and the only thing that makes her fit for life's duties. Surely young girls have so much native conceit that it is not necessary for parents to cultivate it in them.

But if the girls are safely and gently guided past the shoals of conceit and egotism, they usually land safe and sound in the haven of common sense a little later on. For this reason parents need to be ever on the alert, for to sit down and say that "my girls" wouldn't do thus and so while every other girl should be safely guarded is the height of folly. Indeed nothing at all should be said on the subject, but a great deal of work done to educate the girl, and keep her from forming undesirable friendships, either with young men or young women. She may not thank you now for your infinite pains, and she may be a great trial with her whims and follies and selfishness, but don't give up in despair. Later on the very qualities you are having trouble with now will make her a sensible person. When various liquids are fermenting and causing trouble by casting out the impurities they contain, the inexperienced person would declare the whole thing worthless, but when the foaming and fizzling are over, and the liquid is calm and clear and valuable, the days when it was cloudy and turbulent and hard to manage are forgotten. Keep the girl from sin and folly at the danger period, and she will repay you a thousand fold for your worry and work when the stage of fermentation is all past, and her clear, serene life is a blessing to everyone with whom she comes in contact.



Strains and Sprains

are quickly relieved by applying the wonderful counter-irritant—

CAPSICUM VASELINE

IN CONVENIENT, SANITARY PURE TIN TUBES
(Contain No Lead)

Better than a mustard-plaster, easier to apply and does not blister the skin. For children, dilute with White Vaseline.

Rub on at night for sore throat or cold in the chest. It will ease the congestion and comfort that pain.

Only one of the 12 Vaseline Preparations, that together form a safe and convenient medicine chest for the treatment of all the little accidents and ailments prevalent in every family.

WRITE for our FREE VASELINE BOOK

It tells you of the special uses for

Carbolated Vaseline	Vaseline Camphor Ice
Vaseline Cold Cream	Pomade Vaseline
Vaseline Oxide of Zinc	Perfumed White Vaseline
Capsicum Vaseline	Borated Vaseline
Mentholated Vaseline	Camphorated Vaseline
Vaseline Camphorated Cream	White Vaseline

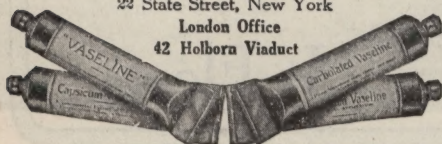
CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO.

Proprietors of Every "Vaseline" Product

23 State Street, New York

London Office

42 Holborn Viaduct



Mrs. S. A. Allen's
World's
Hair Color Restorer
Quickly restores color to
gray, white or faded hair.
A perfect hair dressing.
It has been in use for nearly
a century throughout the
civilized world.
NEVER FAILS

If not obtainable at your
druggists a large, full-size
bottle will be sent, express
paid, anywhere in the U.S.
on receipt of One Dollar.
MRS. S. A. ALLEN
35 Barclay Street, New York
Dep't H.

DUTCH COLLAR AND BELT PIN **FREE**
With Your Initial



These pins are made of a solid piece of German Silver, heavy Satin Silver Finish, with raised bright polished letters and Rose-Scroll Design. (Illustration is exact size.) Made to sell for 50 cents. Used both for collar and belt pin. We are using this as a leader to advertise our other goods. Simply send us your name and full address also the initial you want, with 4 two-cent stamps to pay mailing and advt. expenses, we will send you one of these beautiful pins by return mail **Free**.
BEST SILVER CO., Dept. S.H., 83 Chambers St., New York City.

YOUR PLANTS NEED
Sterlingworth Plant Tablets
To make them luxuriant, healthy—beautiful leaves and flowers. Nothing so good. They double the bloom. Excellent for ferns. Eliminates soil pests. Clean, odorless, convenient. Dissolve in water. Sufficient 35 plants 3 months, 25c. Three times quantity, 50c. Trial pkg. 10c. postpaid. Write today Box A, Sterling Chemical Co. Cambridge, Mass.

THE HOUSEWIFE

LILIAN DYNEVOR RICE, Editor

Published Monthly by The A. D. Porter Co., 52 Duane Street,
New York.

A. D. Porter, President. A. S. Michel, Treasurer. C. W. Corbett, Jr., Secretary.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS

Single subscriptions, Thirty-Five Cents a year in advance, Single Copies, Five Cents. The postage is prepaid to all parts of the United States. Subscribers in New York City must add 24 cents to the yearly price to pay for city delivery, and those in Foreign Countries, including Canada, must add 24 cents to the yearly subscription price, for postage. Please send remittances by Post Office Money Order, Express Money Order, Bank Draft or Registered Letter. United States postage stamps will be accepted at face value.

In requesting a change of address it is imperative that the old address be given as well as the new, and six weeks' notice is required.

As subscriptions are always discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for, renewals should be promptly forwarded because we cannot, as a rule, supply back numbers. The receipt of the Magazine with a Pink Subscription Blank enclosed indicates that your subscription has expired and should be renewed without delay to avoid loss of numbers and breaks in the serial stories.

Address all communications to The Housewife, 52 Duane Street,
New York

A FEW FRIENDLY REMINDERS

A Word to the Club Raiser

ONCE more the subscription harvest is ripe for the gathering. Some of our friends make an all-the-year-round business of securing subscriptions to THE HOUSEWIFE and are very successful at it, but the majority do their strongest work just at this time of year when they have the new premiums as incentives. There should be a large crop ready for harvesting, for this is positively the last Winter season when single subscriptions to THE HOUSEWIFE can be taken at thirty-five cents each. In clubs of four or more, subscriptions may still be taken at twenty-five cents each with a premium to the club raiser, but by February 15th we expect to raise the yearly rate for single subscriptions to fifty cents. This information is valuable, not only to the club raisers but to the individual subscriber, as it affects renewals as well as new subscriptions.

For the past few months we have been steadily giving warning of this prospective advance in price, but have set no definite date for its occurrence, the one now mentioned having been decided upon because it comes at a time when it will not seriously affect the interests of our loyal friends who have stood by us so nobly in the past and whose good we have always at heart.

Remember, please, this is positively the last Winter season that subscriptions may be taken at the old price of thirty-five cents each, and this fact, together with such a fine number of THE HOUSEWIFE as the present one to exhibit as a sample, should secure for the club raisers double as many subscriptions as they have ever taken before.

A New Serial "A Waif and a Wife" Begins in December

EVERYONE who subscribes on or before November 25th receives the October, November and December numbers of THE HOUSEWIFE free, and are thus assured of the complete story "Anne of Avonlea," which has proved even more popular than "Anne of Green Gables," and will also have the full benefit of the new serial "A Waif and a Wife," a romance of intense heart interest, altogether different from "Anne" but of even greater charm, the author being one of the best known of American women writers, Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford. In addition to these there will be a delightful short serial "The Encumbrances," by Stella McAllister Slack, which begins in the December number and is a love story of the best kind. Two stories by L. M. Montgomery, the author of "Anne," will also appear during the coming year. The above combination with the addition of several short stories makes THE HOUSEWIFE for December the strongest fiction number we have ever printed—all of it good clean fiction, too, free from sensationalism and morbidity, just the kind that everyone in the household can safely read. We have been complimented frequently on the class of stories that are printed in THE HOUSEWIFE and we are certain those that appear during the new year will uphold our established reputation.

Send for the Premium List

ARE you one of those who have sent for the New Premium List? If not, please without delay let us have your name and address on a postal card. It is only fair for you to do at least that much when we have spent thought and time and money lavishly in preparing this list for you. We stated last month it was ready and thousands have been sent out to those who have asked for it but it is possible you were not among that number. We prepared it just as much for you as for those other subscribers or would-be subscribers, and as we do not want to neglect anyone we will really appreciate your help to the extent of your name and address on that postal. No time like the present minute to do it.

After you receive the list if anything therein shown strikes your fancy—there are numerous handsome articles suitable for Christmas or birthday presents for young, middle-aged and old, men, women, boys, girls and little children—write us. We will furnish you with sample copies of THE HOUSEWIFE and a complete club raiser's outfit without a penny of cost to you, and we will also give you full lessons in canvassing that will be of value to you no matter what magazine you work for. A very little work on your part will give you your Christmas presents free of cost—valuable, handsome, new style presents too, such as anyone would be proud to receive. See the New Premium List for full particulars.

In this connection please remember when sending THE HOUSEWIFE as a Christmas or birthday present to friends to always notify them of the coming of the magazine so they may understand why it is arriving, also remember that it is impossible to make for thirty-five cents any other gift as valuable and acceptable and handsome as THE HOUSEWIFE and be sure to put it on your Christmas list.

In closing let us again impress it on your memory that every day shortens the time when a year of THE HOUSEWIFE can be obtained for thirty-five cents. We have stretched the limit as much as possible to oblige you and you will have only yourself to blame if you have to pay fifty cents later for what you can now have for thirty-five cents.



in your Bath Room

clean the
tub, tiling
taps, pipes
bowl, etc with

Old Dutch Cleanser

Sprinkle Old Dutch Cleanser on a wet cloth and rub the article well; then rinse with water, or wipe with a clean, wet cloth. It takes off all discoloration and scum. Will not scratch.

Many more
uses and full
directions on
Large Sifter-Can
10¢



EXCELLENT READING FOR OLD AND YOUNG

TWELVE POPULAR COPYRIGHT BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

Any one book given with *The Housewife* for One Year for Sixty-five Cents, or Given Free for a Club of only Two yearly Subscribers at 35 cents each, or Four at 25 cents each. Price, without Subscriptions, 40 cents each, postpaid.



Premium No. 245

lection from this list. The attractive bindings, charming illustrations and wholesome, interesting stories combine to make this series exceptionally desirable. The Titles are as follows:

The Little Colonel,	A Little Puritan's First Christmas,	The Best of Friends,
The Giant Scissors,	A Little Puritan Rebel,	Down in Dixie,
Aunt Liza's Hero,	A Loyal Little Maid,	By Will Allen Dromgoole
By Annie Fellows Johnston	By Edith Robinson	A Child's Garden of Verses,
The Dole Twins	The Great Scoop	By Robert Louis Stevenson,
By Kate Upson Clarke	By Molly Elliott Seawell	Wee Dorothy
		By Laura Updegraff

This series contains stories that appeal not only to the children themselves but are appreciated by those who feel with them in their joys and sorrows. The stories show a wide variety and it would be an odd child indeed whose taste could not be suited by a selection from this list.

SIX FINE BOOKS FOR YOUNG GIRLS

Any one book given with *The Housewife* for One Year for Ninety Cents, or Given Free for a Club of only Four yearly Subscribers at 35 cents each, or Eight at 25 cents each. Price, without Subscriptions, 70 cents each, postpaid.

The increasing demand for high class copyright fiction for young girls leads us to offer the six following titles: They are full 12mo. size; are handsome in appearance and beautifully bound in cloth covers. The six titles and the names of the authors follow:

In Kings' Houses
By Julia C. Dorr
Anne of Memory Street
By Martha Baker Dunn
Miss Gray's Girls
By Jeannette A. Grant
Joel of Galilee
By Annie Fellows Johnston
Tilda Jane
By Marshall Saunders
Beautiful Joe's Paradise
By Marshall Saunders



Premium No. 410

Please remit by P. O. Money Order or Registered Letter and address
THE HOUSEWIFE, 52 DUANE STREET, NEW YORK



COPYRIGHT 1910 BY THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CINCINNATI

*Behold this vain infant of two!
He is certainly pleased with the view.
You'll forgive him—I hope—
For he's used Ivory Soap.
You would feel just the same. Try it, too.*

For bath, toilet and fine laundry purposes; for the nursery; for shampooing; for everything and anything that necessitates the use of a better-than-ordinary soap, Ivory Soap is unequalled.

Ivory Soap It Floats.



BEGINNING CHEERFULLY

"Tis better to laugh than to be sighing,
For a while then resolve to be gay."

Pretty Thin

Numerous complaints had come before a certain public official in regard to the quality of food served to the inmates of one of the public institutions, and he determined to make a personal investigation in order to see if the matter really needed remedying.

Making his way just about dinner-time to the particular building in question he walked straight over to where the kitchen was located. At the very door he encountered two muscular-looking men carrying a huge steaming boiler.

"Put that kettle down," he ordered brusquely, and the men at once obeyed.

"Get me a spoon," he next commanded. The man that brought the spoon was about to say something, but he was ordered to keep silent.

"Take off the lid," was the next command; "I'm going to taste it."

The two men were utterly cowed by the brusqueness of the official, and wonderingly watched him gulp down a good mouthful.

"Do you mean to say you call this soup?" the official demanded. "Why, it tastes to me like dirty water."

"So it is, sir," replied one of the men respectfully. "We were just scrubbing the floors."

A Compliment

"I wonder what the teacher meant about the singing of my two daughters?"

"What did he say?"

"He said that Mamie's voice was good, but Maude's was better still."

Matching Her Sample

What the little girl with the ten cents in pennies wanted was some red ribbon of a particular shade for her mother. She knew the shade, but she couldn't explain it, and all she could say was it wasn't that, no, nor that, nor that, it was deeper than that, and not so deep as that, and so on.

The mission was looking hopeless, when suddenly she darted from the shop, and seized a passing gentleman by the hand.

"Will you please come into this shop with me?" she asked innocently.

"Certainly my chickabiddy," replied the gentleman, "if I can be of any use! What is it?"

The little girl



A Positive Proof

"Uncle Will," said little Emily earnestly, "isn't it funny that everybody calls Brother a bouncing baby?"

"What is there funny about it?" asked Uncle Will, who was patiently playing nurse while the children's mother prepared tea.

"Because I've tried him. I dropped him real hard on the porch this morning and he didn't bounce a bit—he just hollered."

replied not, but led the wondering stranger to the counter.

"There, miss!" she said triumphantly, "Mother wants some ribbon the color of this gentleman's nose!"

It's All a Chance

The mistress was giving Harriet the benefit of her advice and counsel, touching a momentous step the latter contemplated.

"Of course, Harriet," said the lady of the house, "if you intend to get married, that's your own business; but you mustn't forget that marriage is a very serious matter."

"Yis, mum," said Harriet, "Yis, mum; I know 'tis sometimes mum. But, mum, maybe I'll have better luck than you."

No Time for Mirth

Tommy came out of a room in which his father was tacking down carpet. He was crying lustily.

"Why, Tommy, what's the matter?" asked his mother.

"P-p-p-papa hit his finger with the hammer," sobbed Tommy.

"Well, you needn't cry at a thing like that," comforted the mother. "Why didn't you laugh?"

"I did," sobbed Tommy disconsolate.

He Knew About Such Things

When a butcher answered the bell of his telephone instrument one day the shrill voice of a little girl greeted his ears.

"Hello! Is that Mr. Wilson?"

"Yes," he answered kindly.

"Well, can you tell us where grandpa's liver is? We've got to put a hot flannel on it, and we can't find it!"

She Wanted to Keep Dry

An alert little five-year old was taking a walk in a city park with her mother for the first time, and, when they arrived at the boat landing where the swan boats were waiting for passengers, little Elsie pulled away and declared very vigorously that she did not want to go, and as her mother urged her, she broke into tears.

The sudden fear was so unusual that her mother could not understand it until she heard the boatman's call:

"Come along, come along—ride clear around the pond—only five cents for ladies and gents—children thrown in!"

THE HOUSEWIFE

Entered at New York Post Office as Second-Class Matter. Copyright 1910 by The A. D. Porter Co. Trade Mark Registered

Vol. XXVII

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER, 1910

No. 6

THE REPRIEVING OF ICHABOD



By JULIA HEMPSTEAD BULL

Illustrated by William E. Parker

SURE it will take four loaves of bread to stuff him," gloated Nora. She stood in the little enclosure near the kitchen door with the Hildred children close at hand, and her mistress with the order book in which she was making Thanksgiving entries, watching from the sunny back porch.

"Stuffin'?" chirped Irene, in a rapturous crescendo; "Wiv gravy?" She kicked out her fat legs in ecstasy. Irene was given over to the pleasures of the appetite at an early age.

"And oysters in the stuffing," added Edna hungrily. "And oh, Nora, strain the cranberry sauce, won't you, and make it thick?"

"He certainly," said Mrs. Hildred, with conviction, "is the largest turkey that I ever saw."

"Gobble! Gobble! Gobble!" said Ichabod belligerently. He raised his feathers, spread his wings and drummed and strutted, his fierce little beady eyes fixed upon his audience.

"He's that red and swelled up in the head, you'd think he'd burst," chuckled Nora. "Ain't he the picture of Tim Hoolihan, though, wid his red nose an' bald head? An' a timper too, just like him. When he jumped at Towser this morning, I could just see Tim laying about among the boys wid that stick of his."

As though inspired by this comparison to a convincing demonstration of his ferocity, Ichabod bounced up like a rubber ball and pecked at Nora's apron.

"Dear me," said Mrs. Hildred, "He is getting so bad-tempered that I am almost afraid to have Irene play out in the yard."

"Nonsense," said Nora indulgently. "He's a good-hearted baste, at bottom. He wouldn't really hurt a fly, let alone the childer. And anyhow, to-morrow's Thanksgiving, an' that's the end of him." She sighed as she spoke and looked at the subject of her remarks with commiseration.

Ichabod had been presented to the Hildred establishment when a long-legged, knock-kneed stripling, and had peeped his solitary way among the indifferent flocks of ducks and chickens, to a proud and mighty gobblerhood. Now he held iron sway over the cringing barnyard, in a haughty contempt of its inferior inhabitants. Toward the family he displayed a patronizing tolerance, quite devoid of fear; while to Nora, who fed him, he even showed a sort of condescending friendliness.

He was not popular among the farm stock. The little pigs, lambs, and even the calves, were in deadly terror of him; and he bullied Towser, the elderly terrier, in a way most galling to that animal's self-respect. Ichabod was an undeniable tyrant, but too powerful a one to attempt to quell.

"What's Thanksgiving?" inquired Irene the pagan. "Do I hang up my stockin'?" "I can't quite seem to member."

"Of course not," responded her scandalized sister. "Thanksgiving is when you go to church when it isn't

Sunday, and—that's about all, isn't it mamma?" Edna was twelve, but her historical knowledge was hazy.

Mrs. Hildred proceeded conscientiously to define the nature of the festival.

"So you see, Irene," said Edna, at the close of her mother's explanation, "You've got to be thankful for your blessings; even if there wasn't any dinner—" She stopped abruptly.

"Should we be thankful just the same, if there wasn't any dinner?" she asked, turning to her mother. "Certainly."

Edna was silent, while this thought permeated her mind in all its enormity. Then she sighed.

"Well, I'd try, but I don't believe I could."

At supper time Nora came in looking anxious.

"That turkey, ma'am," she announced, "ain't here for his supper. He was wanderin' around in the pasture late this afternoon, an' I didn't go out an' get him—it was that careless of me—an' now it's night, an' his corn all shelled in the pan, an' him not here to ate it. Likely he's trapesin' around out there, huntin' a roostin' place. Turkeys always do be up to that, but I thought he had more sense!"

"Will he be out alone in the woods all night?" asked Edna, with a quiver in her voice.

Irene threw herself upon the floor in anguish.

"He'll be fwaid of the dark!" she wailed.

"Stop it!" said Nora. "I'm goin' out this minute to hunt up the poor crathur an' bring him home."

"But it isn't cold," remonstrated Mrs. Hildred. "If he has gone to roost in the woods, he has done it from choice, and he will be sure to come back home for breakfast. I wouldn't bother about him."

"Mrs. Hildred," replied Nora, putting her shawl about her and tying on her sunbonnet with an air of determination, "that burrd is house-bred. He ain't used to being out alone of nights. And there's owls about."

"But not big enough to carry off Ichabod."

"But think of the way they scrache! One of 'em will let off a yell in his ear, an' he'll be that alarmed, he'll flop off his perch, like as not, right onto the ground. An' he'll run around in circles in the darrk till a catamowt sneaks up an' gets him."

Irene's sobs, which had hushed during the discussion, broke out tempestuously at this grisly suggestion. She had no compunctions about eating Ichabod herself, but for catamowts to devour him seemed a horrible fate.

"Are there really wildcats out in the woods?" asked Edna, shuddering with delicious terror.

"Of course not," said her mother. "You should not frighten the children by saying such thing, Nora."

"Beggin' your pardon, ma'am," said Nora, stiffening, "but it was Tim Hoolihan himself that heard one on his way home from town last Saturday night."

"But you said Tim was drunk that night," objected Mrs. Hildred.

"Drunk or sober," said Nora obstinately, "Tim Hoolihan knows catamowts when he hears them."

"I'm going with you," announced Edna. "It will take two to catch him."

"I don't want Edna and Nora to go off in the woods and get eaten up wiv cats!" roared Irene. "Mamma!"

Mrs. Hildred rose from her chair resignedly.

"We will all go," she said. "Then our party will be large enough to resist attack."

The little procession started out. It was fast growing dusk, and for some time they saw nothing of Ichabod; but as they reached the top of a knoll they came upon him, standing lonely upon a stump, solemnly scanning the horizon.

Upon beholding them he gave a surprised and guilty squawk, and hopping down from his eminence, loped off among the trees.

"He'll be in the swamp next," cried Nora. "Run, childer, an' head him off."

Edna took a short cut to the edge of the swamp, where she danced about waving her arms at the approaching turkey.

He stopped, and after considering the situation, flew up into a tree.

"He is a silly thing," said Mrs. Hildred. "Now we can poke him down with a long stick, and drive him home."

But Ichabod was a strategist. He squatted tensely upon his perch, then flew with slow, heavy flapping, into the next tree, which stood at the edge of the swamp.

"Look at the imp now!" cried Nora in disgust. "He'll be over there in spite of us yit. Let me get at him once!"

She armed herself with a dry branch and walked cautiously along the body of a tree which had fallen out over the bog.

"Be careful, Nora!" warned her mistress anxiously.

Ichabod sagely cocked his eye downward at his pursuer, and decided to repeat his successful maneuver. He poised himself for flight to the next tree.

"Oh, ye Satan's own!" cried Nora vengefully. She poked upward with energy, slipped, and slid from the log into two feet of slimy mud.

Mrs. Hildred and the children gave a united shriek. Disconcerted by the commotion and the sudden prod of the stick, Ichabod fell short of his intended perch, and landed in a clump of swamp grass. Flapping his wings, he floundered to the shore, just as Nora scrambled out, an oozing, slimy pillar of indignation.

"Let the wretch go," sympathized Mrs. Hildred. "He isn't worth all this calamity. Hurry back to the house, Nora, and change your clothes."

"I'm bound to get him now," asserted Nora grimly, "if it's just for the pleasure of wringin' his neck. I'll follow him clear to the pit."

Ichabod, cantering jauntily along the edge of the swamp, saw with the tail of his eye a veritable whirlwind of pursuit launch itself upon him. He gave a chortle of dismay, and turning, fled madly up the slope toward the barnyard. When they came panting up a few minutes later, they found him standing, one foot drawn up under him, the picture of innocent dignity, upon the topmost perch in the henhouse.

Thanksgiving morning was a busy time in Mrs. Hildred's kitchen. There was much bustling about, and in

the air the odor of pudding, pies and doughnuts. Early in the forenoon Nora came in to say that Ichabod had again disappeared.

"I had him shut in the henhouse," she said in trepidation, "an' Tim Hoolihan went in an' left the door open. I tell you, ma'am, that burrd suspicions something. He knows the plans we've made for dinner, an' he's sneaked off. 'Tis likely he's gone to the woods again."

"Where's Irene?" said Edna, coming in. "I thought she was with you. She must be out in the yard. I'll go look for her."

But she was not in the yard, and a search of the house failed to discover the baby of the family.

"Tim Hoolihan says," said Nora, putting her head out of the kitchen, "that just now as he was comin' up from the barn, he saw her out in the pasture."

"What could have possessed the child?" cried Mrs. Hildred. "She never goes out in the pasture alone. Perhaps she and Ichabod have wandered off together. We must start right out and search for them."

"I hope she don't be in that murderin' mud hole," remarked Nora anxiously, as they hurried through the pasture toward the swamp.

"Listen!" exclaimed Mrs. Hildred.

From the direction of the woods a confused sound came to their ears—the cry of a child, mingled with something else that it was hard to distinguish or classify. They ran forward at full speed.

It was not often that Irene went alone out of the dooryard, but that morning as she stood upon the porch, some nuts in her chubby hands, she saw a squirrel running in the edge of the pasture, and was seized by a desire to give him one. He ran away and she followed, calling and holding out her hands, until she was halfway to the woods. Then she gave up the attempt and was about to turn homeward, when she caught a glimpse of a familiar red head among the trees. The thought came to her that the gobbler was making another forbidden excursion, and must be pursued and brought home; so she started toward him as fast as her short legs could travel. Fear and Irene had never made acquaintance, and being of an impetuous and imperious disposition to think with her was to act—a quality which needless to say, while it might prove valuable in later years, at present frequently involved her in difficulties.

He was farther away than she had thought. Finally she lost sight of him entirely, and as she tramped along, peering from side to side, she stumbled over a root, and went ignominiously head first to the ground among the dead leaves and pine needles.

She whimpered for a minute, then realized that she was tired, and that it was pleasant to sit there eating nuts and throwing the shells into the hollow of a big tree trunk near by.

Presently she found herself looking curiously at something that showed in the darkness of that same hollow—two round, luminous points, that glowed steadily with a queer greenish light.

She stopped throwing the nut shells, and watched them with great interest.

There was not a sound in the dark hollow, but the points of light drew nearer. They came out to the edge of the opening, and turned into eyes; and a lithe, stealthy shape crawled silently toward her on its belly, its ears flattened wickedly against its head.

"Kitty, kitty!" she said. Irene was fond of all animals, cats especially, but this was quite different from any cat or kitten she had ever seen, and made no grateful response to her blandishments.

Then a sudden illumination flashed upon her. This must be the "catamowt" of which Nora had spoken, and it would probably eat her up. She turned white, and the corners of her mouth drew down. But Irene had plenty of pluck.

"Scat!" she cried. A properly brought up domestic cat would have turned tail and fled at her command, but the "catamowt" paid not the slightest attention to her.

She tried to get up, but her foot was caught in her dress, and she could not free it. And the thing kept



She armed herself with a long branch and walked cautiously along the body of a tree which had fallen out over the bog

crawling toward her, its ugly snaky head close to the ground. Its green blazing eyes never removing their steadfast gaze.

At that instant from behind a thorn bush walked Ichabod, serene, unhurried, majestic; picking his way daintily over the dry grass and fallen twigs of November. His eye fell upon Irene with a patronizing recognition. Then he saw the cat.

Ichabod hated cats. Never, since reaching his full estate of strength and prowess, had he permitted one upon the premises. He took the presence of this creature as a deadly insult and a direct challenge. His head went up, and his proboscis turned purple and lengthened over his powerful beak. He hissed and his little eyes gleamed with fury.

The lynx paused and raised its head, looking at this new factor in the situation with a contemptuous surprise. He was one of the largest of his kind, indeed the very king of wild cats of that particular region, and had coped successfully in the past with many an enemy, feathered or furred. Never before, however, had he attempted an attack upon a human being, but the small Irene was so tiny and chubby, so evidently soft and babyish, and he was so hungry after a long nap in the hollow log that he determined to venture it, and once having made up his wild-cat mind to this effect he did not propose to let a mere bird, large though it might be, interfere between himself and this new kind of prey, so, ignoring the turkey, he continued his snaky crawl, his big eyes blazing more fiercely with every step.

Ichabod stretched out his neck, stiffened his great wings, and sidled forward; then the cat snarled, lifting its lips from its teeth.

Like a flash the turkey sprang, the onslaught of his bill and legs reinforced by his twenty pounds of weight. The vicious undercut of the big cat's paw brought out a spurt of blood, but the snap of its jaws raked harmlessly through his feathers, and with his wing joint he dealt it a fierce blow upon the head.

Again and again they plunged together, the gobbler striking furiously with wings and beak. The lynx, puzzled and angry, was at a loss how to meet this strange antagonist, and fought at a disadvantage. The air was filled with strange and terrifying yowls and gobbles. It sounded like a zoo gone mad.

Irene jumped up and down in a frenzy, screaming and shaking her dress impartially at the two principals in this unseemly combat. She was now deadly afraid of the animal which she knew to be a "catamowt," but she was more concerned about the safety of Ichabod, who seemed to be faring the worse in the fray, than she was about her own. Neither cat nor bird, however, paid the slightest attention to her, and tears of helpless rage began to roll down her chubby cheeks.

Then she heard her mother's voice and Nora's jabbering exclamations and Edna's calls of encouragement to her as the rescue party raced up the hill.

"Make em 'stop fightin'!" she shrieked. "That cat squalls awful, and Ichabod's head is all bluggy!"

The wildcat saw the arrival of reinforcements for the enemy, and scudded into a thicket, while the victorious Ichabod strutted and gobbled triumphantly upon the feather-strewn field of battle. Nora seized him, quieting his struggles by putting her apron over his indignant head, and bore him back to the house. The rest followed closely behind, greatly excited, Irene in her mother's arms, and Edna crowding as closely to the two as the path would permit, holding one of her wailing sister's chubby hands and feeling with delightful shivers of dread and exultation that Irene had been returned to her adoring family out of the very jaws of a lion. In this somewhat confused fashion they returned to the house and Mrs. Hildred had just succeeded in restoring Irene to equanimity, when Nora marched in, determination showing in every line of her sturdy figure. Her face was red, and her eyes glistened. The good soul had been with the Hildred family ever since Edna was born and because of her long and faithful service claimed the right to give expression to her feelings when they became too strong to be bottled up, as in the present instance. Her voice shook as she spoke:

"I'm bound to tell you that I can't cook Ichabod for dinner, ma'am," she said. "That noble burrd, savin' the blessed baby, wid the rest of us sittin' here in the house all unknown', an' him out there scrappin' wid a catamowt single handed. Ain't he the wonderful fighter, though? I can't roast that gobbler, ma'am, not if I was to lose my place for it. It's asking too much. And I say, anybody who could ate that poor baste, an' him savin' their own child's life—"

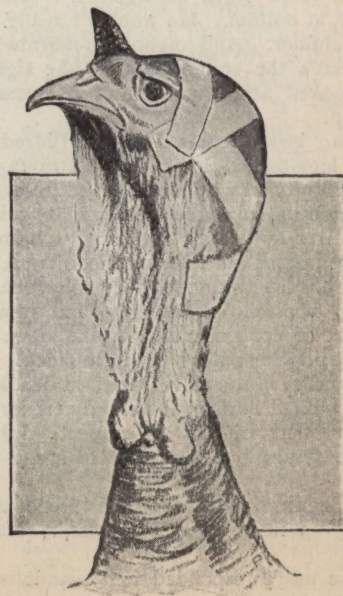
"I quite agree with you, Nora," replied Mrs. Hildred hastily. "It would be black ingratitude to eat Ichabod, under the circumstances."

"Just think!" said Edna, with sentiment; "He shed his blood for Irene! I think this is just the nicest Thanksgiving! I am thankful that there was a wildcat, it makes me feel so creepy. And I'm thankful that Ichabod was there to drive it away. And I don't care a bit if we can't have turkey for dinner; anyhow, I like chicken just as well. And we'll keep Ichabod always, won't we mamma? And everybody who comes to the house must be taken out to see the brave turkey who saved Irene's life. Ichabod is the very bravest turkey that ever was, don't you think, mamma?"

"Bad old cat!" said Irene with indignant vigor, shaking her head threateningly. "Tim Hoolihan'll shoot him when he hears about it, won't he, mamma? And I won't go to the woods any more unless Ichabod goes too."

There was a sound of a sedate footstep upon the kitchen floor, and Ichabod appeared. He limped, and most of his tail was missing. A strip of court plaster upon the back of his head gave him a rakish and disreputable look; but he peered in with an expression of cheerful interest.

"Gobble, gobble, gobble!" said Ichabod.



"Gobble! gobble! gobble!" said Ichabod

ANNE OF AVONLEA

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

A Sequel to "Anne of Green Gables" Illustrated by Corinne Boyd Dillon
Commenced in October Number

CHAPTER VII.

THE POINTING OF DUTY



ANNE was sitting at a table covered with text books and exercises, but the closely written sheets of paper before her had no connection with school work.

"What is the matter?" asked Gilbert, who had just arrived for a short call.

"Nothing very dreadful. I was trying to write out some of my thoughts, as Professor Hamilton advised me, but I couldn't get them to please me. They seem so stiff and foolish directly they're written down. Fancies are like shadows, you can't cage them. But perhaps I'll learn the secret some day if I keep on trying. I haven't a great many spare moments, you know. By the time I finish correcting exercises and compositions, I don't feel like writing any of my own."

"You are getting on splendidly in school, Anne. All the children like you," said Gilbert, sitting down on the step.

"No, not all. Anthony Pye doesn't and won't like me. What is worse, he doesn't respect me. He holds me in contempt and I don't mind confessing that it worries me miserably. It isn't that he is very bad, he is mischievous, but no worse than some of the others. He seldom disobeys me; but he obeys with a scornful air of toleration as if it wasn't worth while disputing the point and it has a bad effect on the others. I've tried every way to win him but I'm beginning to fear I never shall. He has always gone to men before and he says girl teachers are no good. Well, we'll see what patience and kindness will do. Paul Irving makes up for all that is lacking in the others. That child is a perfect darling, Gilbert, and a genius into the bargain. I'm persuaded the world will hear of him some day," concluded Anne.

"I like teaching, too," said Gilbert. "It's good training, for one thing. Why, Anne, I've learned more in the weeks I've been teaching than I learned in all the years I went to school myself. We all seem to be getting on pretty well. The New-bridge people like Jane, and I think White Sands is tolerably satisfied with your humble servant, except Mr. Andrew Spencer. I met Mrs. Peter Blewett on my way home last night and she told me she thought it her duty to inform me that Mr. Spencer didn't approve of my methods."

"Have you ever noticed," asked Anne, "that when people say it is their duty to tell you a thing you may prepare for something disagreeable? Why is it they never think it a duty to tell you the pleasant things they hear about you? Mrs. H. B. Donnell called yesterday and told me she thought it her duty to inform me that Mrs. Harmon Andrews didn't approve of my reading fairy tales to the children, and that Mr. Rogerson thought Prillie wasn't coming on fast enough in arithmetic."

"Have you succeeded in reconciling Mrs. Donnell's hopeful son to his name?"

"Yes," laughed Anne, "but it was a difficult task. At first, when I called him 'St. Clair' he would not take the least notice; and then, when the other boys nudged him, he would look up with such an aggrieved air. So I kept him in after school one night and talked to him. I told him his mother wished me to call him St. Clair and I couldn't go against her wishes. He's a reasonable little fellow and he said I could call him St. Clair but that he'd 'lick the stuffing' out of any of the boys that tried it. Of course, I had to rebuke him for using such language. Since then I call him St. Clair and the boys call him Jake and all goes smoothly. He informs me that he means to be a carpenter, but Mrs. Donnell says I am to make a college professor out of him."

The mention of college gave a new direction to Gilbert's thoughts, and they talked for a time of their plans and wishes.

Gilbert had made up his mind that he was going to be a doctor.

"It's a splendid profession," he said enthusiastically. "A fellow has to fight something all through life and I want to fight disease and pain and ignorance. I want to do my share of honest work in the world, Anne. The folks who lived before me have done so much for me that I want to show my gratitude by doing something for the folks who will live after me."

"I'd like to add some beauty to life," said Anne dreamily. "I don't exactly want to make people know more, but I'd love to make them have a pleasanter time because of me, to have some little joy or happy thought that would never have existed if I hadn't been born."

"I think you're fulfilling that ambition every day," said Gilbert admiringly. And he was right. Anne was one of the children of light by birthright.

Finally Gilbert rose regretfully.

"Well, I must run up to MacPhersons'. Moody Spurgeon came home from Queens to-day for Sunday and he was to bring me out a book Professor Boyd is lending me."

"And I must get Marilla's tea. She went to see Mrs. Keith this evening and she will soon be back."

Anne had tea ready when Marilla came home; the fire was cracking cheerily, a vase of ferns and red maple leaves adorned the table, and delectable odors of ham and toast pervaded the air. But Marilla sank into her chair with a deep sigh.

"Are your eyes troubling you? Does your head ache?" queried Anne anxiously hovering about her.



"What's the matter?" asked Gilbert, who had just arrived for a short call

"No. I'm tired and worried. It's about Mary and those children. Mary is worse; she can't last much longer. And as for the twins, I don't know what is to become of them."

"Hasn't their uncle been heard from?"

"Yes, Mary had a letter from him. He's working in a lumber camp and 'shacking it,' whatever that means. He says he can't take the children till Spring. He expects to be married then and will have a home to take them to; but he says she must get some of the neighbors to keep them for the Winter. She says she can't bear to ask any of them. Mary never got on any too well with the East Grafton people. And the long and short of it is, Anne, that I'm sure Mary wants me to take those children. She didn't say so, but she looked it."

"And of course you will, Marilla, won't you?"

"I haven't made up my mind," said Marilla tartly. "I don't rush into things in your way, Anne. It will be a fearful responsibility to have two children of six to look after—twins, at that."

"Twins are very interesting, at least one pair of them," said Anne. "It's only when there are two or three pairs that it gets monotonous. I think it would be nice for you to have something to amuse you when I'm in school."

"I reckon there'd be more worry and bother than anything else. It wouldn't be so risky if they were as old as you were when I took you. I wouldn't mind Dora so much, she seems good and quiet. But that Davy is a limb."

Anne was fond of children and her heart yearned over the twins. The remembrance of her own childhood was very vivid. She knew that Marilla's only vulnerable point was her devotion to what she believed to be her duty, and Anne marshalled her arguments along this line.

"If Davy is naughty it's all the more reason why he should have good training, isn't it, Marilla? If we don't take them we don't know what kind of influence may surround them. Suppose the Sprots were to take them. Mrs. Lynde says Henry Sprott is the most profane man that ever lived and you can't believe a word his children say. Wouldn't it be dreadful to have the twins learn anything like that? Or suppose they went to the Wiggins'. Mrs. Lynde says that Mr. Wiggins sells everything that can be sold and brings his family up on skim milk. You wouldn't like your relations to be starved, even if they were only third cousins, would you? It seems to me, Marilla, that it is our duty to take them."

"I suppose it is," assented Marilla gloomily. "I'll tell Mary I'll take them. It will mean a deal of extra work for you. I can't sew a stitch, so you'll have to see to the making and mending of their clothes. And you don't like sewing."

"I hate it," said Anne calmly, "but if you are willing to take those children I can do their sewing. It does people good to have to do things they don't like in moderation."

CHAPTER VIII.

MARILLA ADOPTS TWINS

MRS. RACHEL LYNDE was sitting at her window, knitting a quilt, just as she had been when Matthew Cuthbert had driven down the hill with what Mrs. Rachel called "his imported orphan." The sun was setting in purple and gold behind the dark woods when a buggy came down the hill. Mrs. Rachel peered at it eagerly.

"There's Marilla' getting home from the funeral," she said to her husband, who was lying on the lounge. Thomas Lynde lay more on the lounge than he used to do

but Mrs. Rachel, who was so sharp at noticing anything beyond her own household, had not noticed this. "And she's got the twins with her. There's Davy leaning over the dashboard grabbing at the pony's tail. Dora's sitting on the seat as prim as you please. She looks as if she'd been starched and ironed. Marilla is going to have her hands full this Winter and no mistake. Still, I don't see that she could do anything less than take them, and she'll have Anne to help her. Anne's tickled to death, and she has a real knacky way with children. It doesn't seem a day since Matthew brought Anne home and everybody laughed at the idea of Marilla bringing up a child. And now she has adopted twins. You're never safe from being surprised till you're dead."

The pony jogged over the bridge and along the Green Gables lane. Marilla's face was rather grim. It was ten miles from East Grafton and Davy Keith seemed possessed. In despair she threatened to whip him when she got him home. Whereupon Davy climbed into her lap, flung his arms about her neck and gave her a bear-like hug.

"I don't believe you mean it," he said, smacking her cheek affectionately. "You don't look like a lady who'd whip a little boy just 'cause he couldn't keep still. Didn't you find it awful hard to keep still when you was only as old as me?"

"No, I always kept still when I was told," said Marilla, her heart waxing soft within her under Davy's caresses.

"I s'pose that was 'cause you was a girl," said Davy. "You was a girl once, I s'pose. Dora can sit still, but there ain't much fun in it I don't think. Seems to me it must be slow to be a girl. Here, Dora, let me liven you up a bit."

Davy's method of "livening up" was to grasp Dora's curls in his fingers and give them a tug. Dora shrieked and then cried.

"How can you be such a naughty boy and your mother just laid in her grave?" demanded Marilla desparingly.

"But she was glad to die," said Davy. "I know, 'cause she told me so. She was awful tired of being sick. We'd a long talk the night before she died. She told me you was going to take me and Dora for the

Winter and I was to be a good boy. I'm going to be good, but can't you be good running round just as well as sitting still? She said I was to be kind to Dora and stand up for her, and I'm going to."

"Do you call pulling her hair being kind to her?"

"Well, I ain't going to let anybody else pull it," said Davy. "They'd better try it. I didn't hurt her much—she cried 'cause she's a girl. I'm glad I'm a boy but I'm sorry I'm a twin. When Jimmy Sprout's sister condericks him he says, 'I'm oldern you,' and that settles her. I can't tell Dora that, and she goes on thinking diffrent from me!"

Marilla was a thankful woman when she drove into her own yard. Anne was at the gate to lift the twins out. Dora submitted to be kissed, but Davy responded to Anne's welcome with one of his hearty hugs and the cheerful announcement, "I'm Mr. Davy Keith."

At the supper table Dora behaved like a little lady, but Davy's manners left much to be desired.

"I'm so hungry I ain't got time to eat p'litely," he said when Marilla reproved him. "Dora ain't half as hungry as I am. That cake's awful nice and plummy. We haven't had any cake at home for ever'n ever so long, mother was too sick to make it and Mrs. Sprout said it was as much as she could do to bake bread for us. And Mrs. Wiggins never puts any plums in her cakes. Catch her! Can I have another piece?"

Marilla would have refused but Anne cut a generous slice. She reminded Davy that he ought to say "Thank you" for it. Davy grinned and took a huge bite. When he had finished the slice he said,

"If you'll give me another piece I'll say thank you for it."

"No, you have had plenty," said Marilla in a tone which Davy was to learn to be final.

Davy winked at Anne, and then, leaning over the table, snatched Dora's piece of cake, from which she had taken one dainty little bite, out of her fingers and, opening his mouth, crammed the whole slice in. Dora's lip trembled and Marilla was speechless with horror. Anne promptly exclaimed, with her best "schoolma'am" air, "Oh, Davy, gentlemen don't do things like that."

"I know they don't," said Davy, as soon as he could speak, "but I ain't a gemplum."

"But don't you want to be?" said Anne.

"Course I do. But you can't be a gemplum till you grow up."

"Indeed you can," Anne hastened to say. "You can begin to be a gentleman when you are a little boy. And gentlemen *never* snatch things from ladies, or forget to say thank you, or pull anybody's hair."

"They don't have much fun, that's a fact," said Davy. "I guess I'll wait till I'm grown up to be one."

Marilla cut another piece of cake for Dora. She did not feel able to cope with Davy just then. It had been a hard day for her.

The twins were not alike, although both were fair. Dora had long sleek curls that never got out of order. Davy had a crop of fuzzy little ringlets all over his head. Dora's hazel eyes were gentle and mild. Davy's were as roguish and dancing as an elf's. Dora's nose was straight; Davy's was a snub; Dora had a "prunes and prisms" mouth, Davy's was all smiles; he had a dimple in one cheek and none in the other, which gave him a comical, lop-sided look when he laughed.

"They'd better go to bed," said Marilla. "Dora will sleep with me and you can put Davy in the west gable. You're not afraid to sleep alone, are you, Davy?"

"No; but I ain't going to bed for ever so long yet," said Davy.

"Oh, yes, you are." That was all Marilla said, but her tone squelched even Davy. He trotted upstairs with Anne.

"When I'm grown up the first thing I'm going to do is stay up *all* night to see what it would be like," he told her confidentially.

In after years Marilla never thought of that first week of the twins' sojourn at Green Gables without a shiver. There was seldom a waking minute when Davy was not in mischief or devising it; his first exploit occurred two days after his arrival, on Sunday morning, a fine, warm day, as hazy and mild as September. Anne dressed him for church while Marilla attended to Dora. Davy objected strongly to having his face washed.

"Marilla washed me yesterday—and Mrs. Wiggins scoured me with hard soap the day of the funeral. That's enough for one week. I don't see the good of being so awful clean."

"Paul Irving washes his face every day of his own accord," said Anne astutely.

Davy had been an inmate of Green Gables for forty-eight hours; but he already worshipped Anne and hated Paul Irving, whom he had heard Anne praising the day after his arrival. If Paul Irving washed his face every day, that settled it. He would do it too, if it killed him. He was really a

handsome little lad when he was all done, Anne felt proud of him as she led him into the old Cuthbert pew where Marilla and Dora had preceded them.

He behaved quite well at first. The first hymns and the Scripture reading passed off uneventfully. Mr. Allan was praying when the sensation came. Lauretta White was sitting in front of Davy, her head slightly bent and her hair hanging in two long braids. Lauretta was a fat, placid-looking child of eight, who had conducted herself irreproachably in church from the first day her mother carried her there, an infant of six months.

Davy thrust his hand into his pocket and produced a caterpillar, a furry, squirming caterpillar. Marilla saw and clutched at him too late. He dropped the caterpillar down Lauretta's neck.

Right in the middle of Mr. Allan's prayer burst a series of piercing shrieks. The minister stopped and opened his eyes. Every head in the congregation flew up. Lauretta White was dancing up and down clutching frantically at the back of her dress.

"Ow! Mommer, mommer! Ow! Take it off! Ow! Get it out! Ow! That bad boy put it down my neck! Ow! Mommer! It's going further down! Ow! Ow! Ow!"

Mrs. White rose and carried the hysterical Lauretta out of church. Her shrieks died away in the distance and Mr. Allan proceeded with the service.

For the first time in her life Marilla took no notice of the text and Anne sat with scarlet cheeks of mortification. When they got home Marilla put Davy to bed and made him stay there the rest of the day. She would not give him any dinner but allowed him a plain tea of bread and milk. Anne carried it to him and sat by while he ate it. Her mournful eyes troubled him.

"I s'pose," he said reflectively, "that Paul Irving wouldn't have dropped a caterpillar down a girl's neck in church, would he?"

"Indeed he wouldn't," said Anne sadly.

"Well, I'm sorry I did it, then," conceded Davy. "But it was such a jolly big caterpillar—I picked him up on the church steps. It seemed a pity to waste him. And wasn't it fun to hear that girl yell?"

Tuesday afternoon the Aid Society met at Green Gables. Anne hurried home from school. Dora, neat in her nicely starched white dress and black sash, was sitting with the members in the parlor, speaking when spoken to, keeping silence when not. Davy, blissfully dirty, was making mud pies in the barnyard.

"I told him he might," said Marilla wearily. "I thought it would keep him out of worse mischief. We'll have our teas over before we call him to his. Dora can have hers with us, but I would never dare to let Davy sit down at the table."

When Anne went to call the Aids to tea she found that Dora was not in the parlor. Mrs. Jasper Bell said Davy had come to the front door and called her out. Tea was half over when the dining room was invaded by a forlorn figure. Marilla and Anne stared in dismay, the Aids in amazement. Could that be Dora in a drenched, dripping dress and hair from which the water was streaming on Marilla's new rug?

"Dora, what has happened to you?" cried Anne, with a glance at Mrs. Jasper Bell, whose family was said to be the only one in the world in which accidents never occurred.

"Davy made me walk the pigpen fence," wailed Dora. "I didn't want to but he called me a fraid-cat. And I fell off into the pigpen and my dress got all dirty and the pig runned right over me. My dress was awful, but Davy said if I'd stand under the pump he'd wash it and I did and he pumped water all over but my dress ain't a bit cleaner and my pretty sash and shoes is all spoiled."

Anne did the honors of the table, while Marilla went upstairs and redressed Dora in her old clothes. Davy was caught and sent to bed without any supper. Anne went to his room at twilight and talked to him seriously. She told him she felt very badly over his conduct, that he was doing very wrong to worry Marilla

so when she had been kind enough to take and care for him and Dora.

"I feel sorry now myself," admitted Davy, "but the trouble is I never feel sorry for doing things till after I've did them. Dora wouldn't help me to make pies 'cause she was afraid of messing her clo'es and that made me hopping mad. I s'pose Paul Irving wouldn't have made *his* sister walk a pigpen fence?"

"No, he would never dream of such a thing. Paul is a perfect little gentleman."

Davy screwed his eyes tight shut and then crawled up and put his arms about Anne's neck.

"Anne, don't you like me a little bit, even if I ain't a good boy like Paul?"

"Indeed I do," said Anne sincerely. "But I'd like you better if you weren't so naughty."

"I—did something else to-day," went on Davy in a muffled voice. "I'm sorry now but I'm awful scared to tell you. You won't be cross, will you? And you won't tell Marilla, will you?"

"I don't know, Davy. Perhaps I ought to tell her. But I think I can promise you I won't if you promise me that you will never do it again."

"No, I never will. Anyhow, it's not likely I'd find any more of them this year. I found this one on the cellar steps."

"Davy, what is it you've done?"

"I put a toad in Marilla's bed. You can take it out if you like."

"Davy Keith!" Anne flew across the hall to Marilla's room. She threw back the blankets and there was the toad, blinking at her from under a pillow.

"How can I carry that awful thing out?" moaned Anne. The shovel suggested itself to her and she crept down to get it while Marilla was busy in the pantry. Anne had her own troubles carrying the toad downstairs. When she finally deposited it in the cherry orchard she drew a long, long breath of relief.

CHAPTER IX.

A QUESTION OF COLOR

"THAT old nuisance of a Rachel Lynde was here to-day, pestering me for a subscription towards buying a carpet for the vestry room," said Mr. Harrison wrathfully.

"I detest that woman more than anybody I know. Anne, who was perched on the edge of the veranda, turned her dreamy face over her shoulder.

"The trouble is, you and Mrs. Lynde don't understand one another," she explained. "I didn't like Mrs. Lynde at first either; but as soon as I came to understand her I learned to."

"Mrs. Lynde may be an acquired taste with some folks; but I didn't keep on eating bananas because I was told I'd learn to like them if I did," growled Mr. Harrison. "And as for understanding her, I understand that she is a confirmed busybody and I told her so."

"Oh, that must have hurt her feelings very much," said Anne reproachfully. "How could you say such a thing? I said some dreadful things to Mrs. Lynde long ago but it was when I lost my temper. I couldn't say them *deliberately*."

"It was the truth and I believe in telling the truth."

"But you don't tell the whole truth," objected Anne. "You only tell the disagreeable part. You've told me a dozen times that my hair was red, but you've never told me that I had a nice nose."

"I daresay you know it without any telling," chuckled Mr. Harrison.

"I know I have red hair too—so there's no need of telling me that either."

"Well, well, I'll try and not mention it again since you're so sensitive. I've got a habit of being outspoken and folks mustn't mind it."

"But they can't help minding it. And I don't think it's any help that it's your habit. What would you think of a person who went about sticking pins into people and saying, 'Excuse me, you mustn't mind it, it's just a habit I've got.' You'd think he was crazy, wouldn't you? And as for Mrs. Lynde being a busybody, perhaps she is. But did you tell her she had a kind heart and helped the poor, and never said a word when Timothy Cotton stole her crock of butter and told his wife he'd bought it? Mrs. Cotton cast it up to her the next time they met that it tasted of turnips and Mrs. Lynde said she was sorry it had turned out so poorly."

"I suppose she has some good qualities," conceded Mr. Harrison. "Most folks have. I have some myself. But I ain't going to give anything to that carpet. Folks are everlasting begging for money here. How's your project for painting the hall coming on?"

"Splendidly. We had a meeting last Friday night and found that we had plenty of money to paint the hall and shingle the roof too. Most people gave very liberally, Mr. Harrison."

'TAINT NO USE

By Isabel Morris

Well Maw, I'm back, and right glad tew
What I call hum, is known to few;
One visit to our gal's 'enuff.
Her head and house is filled with stuff
That ain't no use.

Why ev'ry mornin', sech a din,
With broom and duster, she puts in,
I'll 'low, her house do wondrous shine,
Her friends agree, it's extry fine
But—'tain't no use.

Thar's plenty winders—that's a cinch,
But curtined so—can't see an inch,
And if old Sol should dare peek thru'
He'd be shot out—and that quick too—
Shaw! 'tain't no use.

They'v sofys' soft, where you kin set,
No stretchin' out on them, ye bet,
The pillers is tew grand, ye see
Fer heads to lay—I let them be,
They ain't no use.

The beds, I swan! was fixed fer day,
The pillers tucked clean out the way,
No chanc't to rest a tired frame,
'Twas tuff alright, but I was game,
But—where's the use?

There was nice books—swell ones I seed
'Pon shiny tables—s'pose to read,
I didn't tech 'em—sounds like rot—
Fur fear I wouldn't hit the spot
Where they was sot.

Don't make no odds, when ye turn in
That risin' bell clangs out like sin,
And tho' ye may be dead fer sleep,
No go, old boy—Breakfast won't keep,
Now—'tain't no use.

Take down them fancy mottors, Maw—
'Bout cleanliness and Hev'n's first law,
No mix like thet for me, I say,
When Granny Comfort's chased away
'Cause—'tain't no use.

"What color are you going to have it?"

"We have decided on a pretty green. The roof will be dark red, of course. Mr. Roger Pye is going to get paint to-day."

"Who's got the job?"

"Mr. Joshua Pye of Carmody. He has nearly finished the shingling. We had to give the contract, for the Pyes—and there are four families, you know—said they wouldn't give a cent unless Joshua got it. They subscribed twelve dollars between them and we thought that was too much to lose. Some people think we shouldn't have given in to the Pyes. Mrs. Lynde says they try to run everything."

"The main question is will Joshua do his work well. If he does I don't see the difference whether his name is Pye or Pudding. You're not going yet, Anne?"

"I must. I have some sewing to do for Dora. Besides, Davy is probably breaking Marilla's heart with some new mischief. This morning the first thing he said was, 'Where does the dark go, Anne? I want to know.' I told him it went around to the other side of the world but after breakfast he declared it didn't, that it went down the well."

"He's a limb," declared Mr. Harrison. "He came over here yesterday and pulled six feathers out of Ginger's tail before I could get in from the barn. Those children must be a sight of trouble to you folks."

"Everything that's worth having is some trouble," said Anne.

Mr. Roger Pye brought the hall paint home that night. The hall was on what was called "the lower road." In Autumn this road was always muddy and wet, and people going to Carmody travelled by the "upper" road. The hall was so closely surrounded by fir woods that it was invisible unless you were near it. Mr. Joshua Pye painted away in the solitude so dear to his unsociable heart.

Friday afternoon he finished his job and went home. Soon after his departure Mrs. Rachel Lynde drove by, to see what the hall looked like in its new coat of paint. When she rounded the curve she saw.

The sight affected Mrs. Lynde oddly. She dropped the reins, held up her hands, and said "Gracious Providence!" She stared as if she could not believe her eyes. Then she laughed hysterically.

"There must be some mistake—there must. I knew those Pyes would make a mess of things."

Mrs. Lynde drove home, meeting several people and stopping to tell them about the hall. The news flew like wildfire. Gilbert Blythe heard it from his father's hired boy at sunset, and rushed to Green Gables, joined on the way by Fred Wright. They found Diana Barry, Jane Andrews, and Anne Shirley, at the gate of Green Gables, under the big willows.

"It isn't true surely, Anne?" exclaimed Gilbert.

"It is true," answered Anne, looking like the muse of tragedy. "Mrs. Lynde called on her way from Carmody to tell me. It is dreadful! What is the use of trying to improve anything?"

"What is dreadful?" asked Oliver Sloane, arriving with a bandbox he had brought from town for Marilla.

"Haven't you heard?" said Jane wrathfully. "Well, it's simply this! Joshua Pye has gone and painted the hall blue instead of green—a deep, brilliant, blue, the shade they use for painting carts and wheelbarrows. And Mrs. Lynde says it is the most hideous color, especially when combined with a red roof."

The blame of this disaster was narrowed down to the Pyes. The Improvers had decided to use Morton-Harris paints and the paint cans were numbered according to a color card. A purchaser chose his shade on the card and ordered by the number. Number 147 was the shade of green desired and when Mr. Roger Pye sent word to the Improvers that he was going to town and would get their paint for them, the Improvers told him to get 147, but Mr. Roger Pye declared that they told him 157.

There was blank dismay in every house where an Improver lived. The gloom at Green Gables was so intense that it quenched even Davy. Anne wept and could not be comforted.

"I must cry, even if I am almost seventeen, Marilla," she sobbed. "It's so mortifying. We'll be laughed out of existence."

The Avonlea people did not laugh; they were too angry. Their money had gone to paint the hall and they felt themselves bitterly aggrieved by the mistake. Public indignation centered on the Pyes. The Improvers paid Joshua in bitterness of spirit, after consulting Mr. Peter Sloane, who was a magistrate.

"You'll have to pay it," Peter told them. "You can't hold him responsible, since he was never told what the color was to be but given the cans and told to go ahead. But it's a shame and that hall certainly does look awful."

The Improvers expected that Avonlea would be more prejudiced than ever against them; but instead, public sympathy veered in their favor. People thought the eager little band who had worked so hard for their object had been badly used. Mrs. Lynde told them to keep on and show the Pyes that there really were people in the world who could do things without making a muddle of them. Mr. Major Spencer sent them word that he would clean out the stumps along the road front of his farm and seed it down with grass at his own expense; and Mrs. Hiram Sloane called at the school to tell Anne that if the "Sassiety" wanted to make a geranium bed at the cross roads in the Spring they needn't be afraid of her cow, for she would see that the animal was kept within bounds. Even Mr. Harrison was all sympathy and spoke consolingly.

"Never mind, Anne. Most paints fade uglier every year but that blue is as ugly as it can be, so it's bound to fade prettier. And the roof is shingled and painted all right. Folks will be able to sit in the hall after this without being leaked on. You've accomplished so much anyhow."

"But Avonlea's blue hall will be a byword from this time out," said Anne bitterly.

And it was.

CHAPTER X.

DAVY IN SEARCH OF A SENSATION

ANNE, walking home from school one November afternoon, felt convinced that life was a very wonderful thing. All had gone well in her little kingdom. St. Claire Donnell had not fought any of the other boys over the question of his name; Prillie Roger-son's face had been so puffed up from the effects of toothache that she did not try to coquette with the boys in her vicinity.

Barbara Shaw had met with only one accident—spilling a dipper of water over the floor—and Anthony Pye had not been in school.

"What a nice month November has been!" said Anne, who had never got over her habit of talking to herself. "It is usually such a disagreeable month. This last fortnight has been peaceful, and Davy has been almost well-behaved. He is improving a great deal. How dear the woods are! You beautiful trees! I love every one of you."

She threw her arm about a slim young birch and kissed its cream-white trunk. Diana, rounding a curve in the path, saw her and laughed.

"Anne Shirley, you're pretending to be grown up. I believe when you're alone you're as much a little girl as you ever were."

"Well, one can't get over the habit of being a little girl all at once," said Anne gaily. "I was little for fourteen years and I've only been grown-uppish three. I shall always feel like a child in the woods. These walks home from school are the only time I have for dreaming—except the half hour or so before I go to sleep. You don't know what splendid adventures I have after I go to bed. I imagine I'm something very brilliant and splendid, a great prima donna or Red Cross nurse or a queen. Last night I was a queen. It's splendid to imagine you are a queen. You have all the fun without any of the inconveniences and you can stop being a queen whenever you want to, which you couldn't in real life. In the woods I like to imagine different things. I'm a dryad living in an old pine, or a little brown wood-elf hiding under a crinkled leaf. That white birch you caught me kissing is a sister of mine. The only difference is, she's a tree and I'm a girl, but that's no real difference. Where are you going, Diana?"

"Down to the Dicksons. I promised to help Alberta cut out her new dress. Can't you walk down in the evening, Anne, and come home with me?"

"I might, since Fred Wright is away," said Anne.

Diana blushed, and walked on. She did not look offended.

Anne intended to go down to the Dicksons' that evening, but she did not. When she arrived at Green Gables she found a state of affairs which banished every other thought from her mind: Marilla met her in the yard.

"Anne, Dora is lost!"

"Dora! Lost!" Anne looked at Davy, who was swinging on the yard gate. "Davy, do you know where she is?"

"No, I don't," said Davy stoutly. "I haven't seen her since dinner time, cross my heart."

"I've been away since one o'clock," said Marilla. "Thomas Lynde took sick and Rachel sent up for me to go at once. When I left here Dora was playing with her doll in the kitchen and Davy was making mud pies behind the barn. I got home half an hour ago, and no Dora to be seen. Davy declares he never saw her since I left."

"She must be somewhere around," said Anne. "She would never wander far away alone, you know how timid she is. Perhaps she has fallen asleep in one of the rooms."

A thorough search followed. Every corner of the house, yard, and outbuildings was ransacked. Anne roved the orchards and the Haunted Wood, calling Dora's name. Marilla took a candle and explored the cellar.

"It's a most mysterious thing," groaned Marilla.

"Where can she be?" said Anne miserably.

"Maybe she's tumbled into the well," suggested Davy.

"She—she might have," whispered Marilla.

Anne, feeling faint and sick, went to the well-box and peered over. The bucket sat on the shelf inside. Far below was a tiny glimmer of still water. The Cuthbert well was the deepest in Avonlea. If Dora—but Anne could not face the idea.

"Run across for Mr. Harrison," said Marilla.

"Mr. Harrison and John Henry are both away. They went to town to-day. I'll go for Mr. Barry."

Mr. Barry came back with Anne, carrying a coil of rope to which was attached a claw-like instrument. Marilla and Anne stood by, while Mr. Barry dragged the well, and Davy watched the group with huge enjoyment.

Finally Mr. Barry shook his head, with a relieved air.

"She can't be down there. It's a mighty curious thing where she could have got to, though. Look here, young man, are you sure you've no idea where your sister is?"

"I've told you a dozen times that I haven't," said Davy, with an injured air. "Maybe a tramp come and stole her."

"Nonsense," said Marilla, relieved from her horrible fear of the well. "Anne, do you suppose she could have strayed over to Mr. Harrison's? She has always been talking about his parrot ever since that time you took her over."

"I can't believe Dora would venture so far alone but I'll go over and see," said Anne.

Nobody was looking at Davy or it would have been seen that a change came over his face. He slipped off the gate and ran, as fast as his legs could carry him, to the barn.

Anne hastened across the fields to the Harrison establishment. The house was locked, and there was no sign of anything living about the place. She stood on the veranda and called Dora.

Ginger, in the kitchen, shrieked and swore with sudden fierceness; but between his outbursts Anne heard a plaintive cry from the little building in the yard which served Mr. Harrison as a tool-house. Anne flew to the door, unhasped it, and caught up a small mortal with a tear-stained face who was sitting on an up-turned nail keg.

"Oh, Dora, Dora, what a fright you have given us! How came you to be here?"

"Davy and I come over to see Ginger," sobbed Dora, "but we couldn't see him after all. Davy made him swear by kicking the door. And then Davy brought me here and run out and shut the door; and I couldn't get out. I cried and cried, I'm so hungry and cold; I thought you'd never come, Anne."

"Davy?" But Anne could say no more. Her joy at finding the child was quenched in the pain caused by Davy's behavior. The freak of shutting Dora up might have been pardoned. But Davy had told falsehoods—downright falsehoods about it. She had grown to love Davy dearly and it hurt her to discover that he was guilty of such deliberate falsehood.

Marilla listened to Anne's tale in a silence that boded no good Davy-ward; Mr. Barry laughed and advised that Davy be summarily dealt with. Anne soothed and warmed the sobbing, shivering Dora, got her her supper and put her to bed. Then she

Continued on page 11.



Real Food Clean and Fresh

Don't think of Uneeda Biscuit as a mere lunch necessity, or as a bite between meals.

Uneeda Biscuit are the most nutritious food made from flour, and are full of energizing, strengthening power.

Uneeda Biscuit are always crisp and fresh and delicious when you buy them. Their sensible, dust tight, moisture proof packages prevent the unclean, tough condition so common to ordinary crackers.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

5¢

for a package

(Never sold in bulk)

The Touch of Understanding



HE PIANO is altogether useless," commented Mother, dropping for a moment the pair of stockings she was darning.

"Well," said Father, after a lengthy pause; "It's an ornament; that's what you thought when we bought it ten years ago."

Mother sighed; she had long ceased even hoping to be understood. She resumed her work and darned the entire heel before she spoke again.

"I had hoped that Janey would take to music, when first we got the piano," she said; "but it was like drawing teeth to get her to practice; though at any rate, she got so she could play a few things when she was driven." She hesitated for a moment, then: "I always thought 'twas kind of silly of you to give her a piano for a wedding present. It's quite useless in her home, too."

"Well, Janey's got real music now," Father answered. "The little one sure has good lungs." He laid down his paper and glanced very kindly at Mother. "Billy you thought had the head of a musician when he was a baby," he ended.

"Billy!" Mother repeated, and looked at Billy's stocking which she was mending. "Billy thinks of nothing now but baseball." She put aside her work, finished. "I'm sorry anyway we bought our piano; it's just an eyesore to me"—nothing else. Her voice was bitter.

Father looked judiciously at his pipe while intent with a thought. "Still, Mother," he said, finally; "seems to me we oughtn't to blame the children; not right hard anyway. Neither one of us has got a speck of music in us; that is to say not the working kind. We love to set and listen, but we can't produce."

Mother's face flushed. "You don't know about me," she said quickly, darting a little angry glance at him; "If I'd had more time when I was young, I could have played."

"Well," Father resumed his paper; "We'll go to a concert some time next Winter, Mother. So cheer up."

But far from obeying him, she was angry; angry at him and at the course her life had taken. True at fifty, one should be content with an uneventful span of days made up of the same things done over and over again; with never a break save an occasional trip to Janey's two miles away, where the new baby took all its mother's thoughts and attention.

The piano, however, seemed to be the crowning disappointment. She so longed for music, and even that had been denied her. So it was with all the refinements of life she so ardently desired, for her husband in a measure had kept them from her, or so she thought.

When she married him, he had been a clerk in a store, and though his wages were not high, his was a genteel calling, as she thought, and she was satisfied. But they had been married only a year when he discovered that the store was not the place for him, and he went into a carpenter's shop. The humiliation the young wife endured at that time rankled deep, but he had not understood, or if he had he refused to be turned from his purpose.

"You married a simple man, Jane," he told her; "And I think carpentry a manly calling; One followed it years ago and He was not ashamed of it. I guess you'll have to bear with me."

So she said nothing more; but the wound was ever there, even though her husband went rapidly forward till he became a contractor, and a little home was bought and the two children given more advantages by far than if their father had remained in the store.

Then the children, Janey and Bobby, were like their father—plain, affectionate and good. And though Mother had painted china in her youth and was generally regarded as an accomplished young lady, her children displayed not the slightest talent in any direction.

All of which facts through years of dwelling upon made Mother bitter. And now at fifty, darning Bobby's stockings and viewing the silent piano, life seemed to promise nothing to her—save a continuation of thwarted hopes.

When Janey married and left home, Mother more than ever drew within herself, regarding Father's lapses in grammar and his large, knotty hands with a degree of aversion that surprised even herself; and gazing at Bobby's youthful lack of grace and subtlety with a little

By Emily Calvin Blake

Illustrated by Wilson Dexter.

shrinking, though she loved him dearly. Then Father became puzzled and viewed with perplexity the little woman with seeking, grave eyes and sensitive mouth who gently but firmly put him from her but as always he was silent and uncomplaining.

As Winter advanced and Thanksgiving drew near, Mother became more lonely; but she said nothing, only her eyes grew more shadowed, and she made her unspoken desire so plain, that Father took to remaining away from home several nights a week.

She never asked him as to his whereabouts, but busied herself about the house, the duties of which had grown so pitifully few. If Bobby had not been so wholly a boy, and so wholly careless, pitching his cap and coat here and yonder, the work would have been reduced to almost nothing.

And so one uneventful day followed another, till Thanksgiving was less than a week away. Mother as usual made preparations for an elaborate dinner, though her family on that day was to be a small one. For Janey spent Thanksgiving with her husband's relatives and Christmas at her mother's home. But even while thinking of Father's favorite dishes, Mother unbent not



"Janey taught me," he said, still shyly—"I've been studying evenings at home—I thought maybe if I kept on I could make you a little happier."

a trifle and went her way wrapped in depressed and and silent moods. Her thoughts were strange ones, too, and sometimes in fear she tried to put them from her, scathing herself for not being contented at her age with mere physical comforts. But she could not quench the passionate desire for the esthetics of life, shrinking more and more from Father's bluff heartiness and unfailing good humor.

His frequent absences she noticed, however, and two days before Thanksgiving she asked in a toneless voice if he meant to be at home to Thanksgiving dinner.

"I've never missed Thanksgiving dinner at home, have I?" he asked quietly.

"Well, you might change your mind," she said, rather ungraciously and very unjustly, and then immediately condemned herself.

But Bobby now spoke quickly and as if a little fearful of the consequences of his announcement.

"I won't be here, Mother; don't count on me."

She turned to look at him, this sixteen-year-old son, so like his father in plain, unassuming manners.

"Not for dinner?" she asked then.

"Not all day," he answered, trying to make his tones nonchalant; "I promised one of the girls that I'd go to her house; it's awful jolly there I tell you."

Father regarded him a little sternly, then repressing a sigh he looked out of the window; while Mother hid the hurt she felt with an assumption of indifference.

On Thanksgiving morning, however, Bobby lounged about the house. He appeared also at dinner, dressed in his best clothes, with a collar plainly torturing him.

"I thought you were going out to dinner," Mother remarked as she placed the small turkey on the table.

"Father said I'd got to stay at home," he flung out; "but I'm going right after dinner."

Mother was silent for a moment; then driven to a feeling of anger she cried: "I'd rather you'd be away than sitting there with such a sulky face. Is it such a hardship to stay at home?"

The lad muttered something beneath his breath, restrained from ardent speech by a glance from his father. The meal then proceeded unhappily, Mother scarcely touching her portion, while Father alternately offered a word and gazed at Bobby with something of pity in his clear gray eyes.

Dinner over, the lad with a hurried word to his parents ran down the hall, and slammed the door behind him with a force that spoke volumes. Mother watching him through the dining room window saw the eagerness with which he closed the front gate. She almost believed she could hear his sigh of relief at escaping.

And so Thanksgiving Day passed, a miserable, lonely holiday for the two who remained at home. Father did not go out, but sat all by himself in the little parlor, indulging in long meditations which Mother never interrupted.

The following night, Bobby plainly ill at ease and darting quick glances at his mother as she sewed, suddenly spoke impetuously, but with a finality in his voice that surprised his listeners.

"I'm going away to-morrow," he said; "I'm going to be an engineer. It's a fine, free life."

"You're quoting, now," his father said, grimly; "just what's the trouble?"

"Oh, nothing," Bobby returned.

"Don't you want an education?" Mother asked then. "After I've thought maybe you were above certain trades and things, you turn around like this!"

"No, I don't want an education, the lad suddenly cried out, flinging caution to the winds; "I don't want an education, if I've got to stay at home while I'm getting it."

Mother's heart leaped in her breast and she felt a quivering pain as his words reached her. She could not answer, only sat gazing at him with wide, stricken eyes.

Bobby now fully launched went on bitterly. "The other fellow's mothers care for 'em; they ain't always huggin' and kissin' em, but they look things; and they smile and sometimes sing; their home is jolly, and they ain't always bein' called down like I am."

He looked obliquely at his father and lapsed into silence.

"Go on, my son!" said the man.

"Well there's nothing more to be said, only I'm tired of home, especially since Janey's gone. Mother don't care for me at all; I ain't saying I want to be kissed and hugged like Harold Pierce," he went on

warningly; "but I'm not goin' to stay round where I'm not wanted, and that's flat."

"Bobby!" the word fell from Mother's lips in a little sobbing whisper, but Father with dignity in his bearing and voice, said: "Go upstairs Bobby; I think you need to be alone for a little while. Just think things over, my boy."

Bobby quickly left the room. "Jane" said Father then; "I'm afraid maybe home ain't what it ought to be for a growing boy; is it because we're old?"

Mother shook her head; her sorrow was too great for words and in a few moments she sought her own room, to pass a sleepless, tossing night.

But Bobby did not appear at the breakfast table, and a search revealed that he was gone. That he had left home without a word!

"We must let him live and learn, Mother," said Father, with a set white face, for his son was very dear to him. "Live and learn and trust that nothing happens to him. It won't do any good to bring him back; he'd only go again."

Mother nodded, her spirit broken. During the day, however, she went down to the railroad yards, making quiet inquiries, but Bobby had not been seen or heard of there.

A PURE PRODUCT OF A PERFECT PROCESS

BAKER'S BREAKFAST COCOA

Registered,
U. S. Pat. Off.

is made from the
best cocoa beans,
scientifically
blended.

**Absolutely pure,
healthful, and
delicious.**

Get the genuine with our trade-mark on the
package

52 Highest Awards in Europe and America

Walter Baker & Co. Limited

Established 1780 **DORCHESTER, MASS.**

**Send Your
Old Carpet
We Will Make
New Rugs**

Beautiful designs to your taste—Plain,
Fancy, Oriental—fit for any parlor.
Guaranteed to wear ten years.

Rugs, 50c and Up

Ours is the largest factory of its kind
in America. Established 37 years.
Originators of OLSON FLUFF RUG
(Grand Prizes at 3 World's Fairs).

We Pay the Freight
Old carpets are worth money;
don't throw yours away.

FREE Write
today
for book of
designs, prices and
complete information.
OLSON RUG CO.
1010 Madison St. Chicago

**Davis Kleans E-Z
Duster**

Dusts
and
cleans.
Removes
finger
marks
and
leaves
fine
polish.
Can't
scratch.
Use it
on
furniture,
planes,
wood-
work,
walls,
mirrors,
bric-a-brac,
leather, etc. Delivered
free on receipt of
price. Send coin or
stamp.

Does more real dusting in 15 minutes than
can be done in an hour with the ordinary
kind. Chemically treated—not oily. Sure
retains it. When filled with dust
can be washed like an ordi-
nary cloth without injury
to its dusting properties.

**A Household Necessity
2 for 25c**

By Mail
Large size,
1 yd. sq.,
25c each
post-
paid.

Davis Kleans E-Z Mops
For dry use on hardwood
or painted floors. Absorbs
dust instantly. Largest size
\$1.00 postpaid.

DAVIS KLEANS E-Z CO.,
223 Weeks St., Bennington, Vt.

**MONEY REFUNDED
IF NOT SATISFACTORY**

BEAUTIFUL FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS

**THE PERRY
PICTURES**

Reproductions of the World's
Great Paintings
Awarded Four Gold Medals

ONE CENT each for 25 or more
Size 3 1/2 x 5 (6 to 10 times
the size of this Baby Stuart). Send 25c.
for 25 art subjects, or 25 for children or
25 Kittens or 25 Madonnas, or \$1.00 for
the 4 sets, or for Art Set of 100 pic-
tures, or for 25 larger pictures, 10 x 12
in. Order To-Day. Beautiful Catalogue
of 1000 miniature illustrations and 2
pictures for 6c. in stamps.

THE PERRY PICTURES CO., Box 147, Malden, Mass.

Darken Your Gray Hair

**DUBY'S HAIR
HERBS**

DUBY'S HAIR COLORING HERBS
restore gray, streaked or faded hair to its
natural color, beauty and softness. Pre-
vents the hair from falling out, promotes
its growth, prevents dandruff, and gives
the hair a soft, glossy and healthy ap-
pearance. It will not stain the scalp, is not sticky or dirty,
and is composed of roots, herbs, barks and flowers.
Package makes one pint. It will produce the most lux-
uriant tresses from dry, coarse and wiry hair, and bring
back the color it originally was before it turned gray.
Package postpaid for 25 cents, or five packages for \$1.00.
OZARK HERB CO., Desk J, St. Louis, Mo.

**10 XMAS AND NEW YEAR
POST-CARDS FREE**

Send only 10 cents (regular price) of *Every Woman's Magazine* and we will send you the
Magazine and 10 Embossed Xmas and New
Year Post Cards. We will also tell you how to
get 50 additional Xmas and New Year Post
Cards packed in a holly box. Send 10 cts. today.
Address 106 X., *Every Woman's Magazine*, New York City

Send on Approval. Send No Money. \$2.00
WE WILL TRUST YOU TEN DAYS. Hair Switch
Send a lock of your hair, and we will mail a
22 inch short stem fine human hair switch to
match. If you find it a big bargain, remit \$2.00
in ten days, or not. **SEND YOUR SWITCH**
FREE. Extra shades a little more. Inclose 5c
postage. Free beauty book showing latest style of
hair dressing—also high grade switches, pom-
poms, wigs, puffs, etc. **ANNA AYERS,**
Dept. 437 19 Quincy St. Chicago

So with eyes dim from weeping and a heart sore with the truths she was learning she returned home; an empty home now since Father was away most of the time, and Bobby had gone, choosing rather the world with its general unkindnesses to home with its specific failures.

Mother knew as time went on where she had been wrong; but with her understanding there came no relief. It was hard even in her sorrow to dissolve the ice that bound her after years of secret pining for the things she did not have, unimportant things she now knew, and so she was unable to offer Father any comfort or hope.

And ever the question haunted Mother's mind. Had she made home cheerful for the boy? A young thing that demanded life and happiness, and to whom she had given nothing—showing no interest in his inner life; wrapped only in her own gloomy and complaining thoughts.

And then as December crept on and still there came no word from the wanderer, she succumbed completely. All day she wept, only gaining a little composure when Father appeared for his brief stay at meal time and then out again, sometimes arriving home at midnight.

For now truly she was alone and busy with her awakening thoughts. She realized as never before the value of her husband's quiet love, a love that she never understood while she had it, because it lacked the froth of rhetoric and unmeaning protestation.

There came a day when she could no longer sit at home and brood, when hands and heart demanded action; when her desire and great fear for Bobby overcame every other feeling; so early in the morning she started out again on her quest. Though she believed he had left the city, perhaps she could gain some information as to his movements; anything she told herself, but dead inertia.

The day wore on as she traversed the city, and when twilight had fallen she started back home again with no news, her heart heavy and her forebodings dark. To what had she driven her boy? What life was he leading, this little sunny-haired chap who had once lain in her arms?

She hastened on, her eyes burning with tears. She went slowly up the steps leading to her home; then she half stumbled against something crouched in the corner, close against the railing. She stooped in the dimness, but she already knew what the object was.

With a cry she had her arms about the dark, crouching figure; Bobby, thin, worn Bobby back from his travels. Plainly ashamed, trying to explain in an incoherent way that he had just returned for some clothes.

"No, no, Bobby," Mother cried then; "You have just come home. Say it, dear; you have just come home to stay with me."

Then in a moment he collapsed and sobbed on her shoulder in relief. And soon everything was made clear and he found himself within the shelter of his home, with Mother hovering about him with happy eyes and no words of blame on her lips.

"Where's Father?" he asked after a little. "I didn't worry much about facing him, 'cause I knew he'd understand. But I did think of you Mother—you wouldn't understand, that's all."

"I think I'll understand many things now, Bobby," she replied, and said nothing more then.

Father was still absent when seven o'clock struck, and Mother flushed and excited with a new strange feeling at her heart watched anxiously for him.

At last at eight o'clock he came, but not alone. Janey and her husband and baby were with him. Father went straight to Mother, Bobby in a sudden access of shame having hidden behind the door.

"It's your birthday, Jane," Father said; "I've been fixing to give you something, that's why I'm so late."

"Oh, Father," she cried; "never mind my birthday. Bobby has come back!"

Bobby came from behind the door with crimson face, but his shame dissolved at the look in his Father's eyes. They shook hands gravely and in silence, but the boy for the first time really sensed his father's deep love.

"Come into the parlor," said Janey then, smiling at them all. "Father wants to give you his present, Mother."

So reunited and happy, Bobby near his mother, they went into the parlor. For a moment Father stood reluctant, shy; then with a look at Janey he went to the piano. He opened the long closed lid and drew the stool up close to the keys.

His large rough hands strayed stiffly for a moment, then steadied themselves, and in a moment softly, with lingering touch he played "Home Sweet Home," going directly from that to "Annie Laurie," Mother's favorite.

His fingers unaccustomed to delicate work, at times faltered and his music was slow, unsure, but it was purest harmony to Mother. Her heart leapt as when a girl she had dreamed of his love for her; a great, unfaltering love that had always shielded her, but which she had put from her.

Father when he had finished turned slowly from the piano. "Janey taught me," he said, still shyly; "I've been studying evenings at her home. I thought maybe if I kept on I could make you a little happier. Do you like it, Mother?"

His tones were wistful, prayerful, and his eyes sought hers with anxious, tender questioning.

In a moment Mother was beside him, her face pressed close to his.

"Father, Father," she cried, "I have been blind—and you are so loving—so great—"

"There, there, Mother," he said softly, unmindful of the children, and back once again in the sweet courting days; "there, there Janey; there's nothing in the world too good for you, Dear Heart."

And comforted and quite content to be in his big, shielding arms, Mother at last found peace and understanding.

OUT-OF-DOOR SCHOOLS

By Everett Hyde

IT is gratifying to note that England is following in the footsteps of Germany with regard to the open-air school system, which has been so successfully conducted all through the Empire but has shown to the very best advantage in Berlin. It was only a few years ago that the Board of Education in that city determined that it was high time to correct the evils resulting from the presence of so many anemic children in the city schools. These children were of course very "backward," and their presence in school was a hindrance to the normal pupils. On the other hand they must be educated somewhere. It was finally decided to try an out-of-door school, which was established with about forty pupils. The children were divided in the proportion of twenty scholars to one teacher; their day was divided in the proportion of two-thirds work and one-third play. The result of the first year showed that fifty per cent. of the scholars were cured of their anemia; and every pupil has been signally benefitted by the life.

Now the educational authorities of Great Britain are turning their attention to the tremendous number of anemic English school-children; realizing that the old philosopher was correct when he said that only sound bodies could contain sound minds. School-houses may be palaces—on the outside; may represent thousands of dollars spent for the purpose of pleasing the eye, but good work cannot be done in unventilated rooms. Moreover, the out-of-door work not only is of immense advantage to the anemics, but it is also invaluable for normal children.

We are all accustomed to playing out doors, and we all know how children find their greatest delight in the open air. Perhaps sometimes even we may learn that out-of-door schools are a means of guarding against some of the common diseases of children of the school age.

You Can Clothe Yourself or Furnish Your Home With What You Save

No.
3705No.
4305

BY purchasing your coffee, tea, spices, extracts, soaps and other household-supplies direct from us, the manufacturers. Larkin Products number over 350 necessities which we guarantee to be of the very best quality.

From a retail store you get your money's worth in household-supplies only. Direct from us, the manufacturers, you get your money's worth, full value, not only in household-supplies but also in your choice of some desirable article to wear or for your home. The extra value represents what you save.

For example, with a ten dollar purchase of Larkin Products you can have your choice of either of the *Furs, the Dishes, the Lamp or the Rocker* illustrated.

These are but five of over 1700 articles of *Wearing-Apparel and Housefurnishings* expense by dealing with us.

French Coney Scarf and Muff; choice of Brown or Black. Each given with a \$10 purchase of Larkin Household Supplies. that you can get without with us.

By LARKIN

FACTORY-TO-FAMILY DEALING

You Save and are Given in Extra Value
What You Pay to Middlemen at a Store

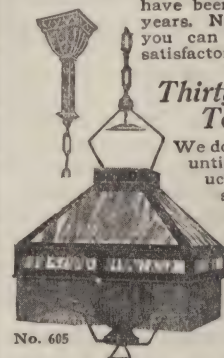
The price you pay for every pound of tea or coffee, bar of soap or other article that you buy at a store includes the expenses, losses and profits of at least three middlemen—the wholesaler, sales-agent and retailer—in addition to those of the manufacturer.

The price that you pay for any of these articles to us, the manufacturers, includes but the cost of manufacture plus our single profit; you save and are given all expenses, losses and profits of useless middlemen. That is how you get so much more for your money from us.

We are thoroughly reliable; we have been in business thirty-five years. No matter where you live you can trade with us safely, satisfactorily and economically.

Thirty Days' Free Trial To Convince You

We don't ask you to pay a cent until you have tried our Products; examined the article selected with your purchase and are convinced we give you almost double the value, that you could get at any store, for the same money. We will ship \$10 worth of Larkin Products, of your selection, and any article in our Catalog given with a \$10 purchase, on thirty days' trial. You then pay \$10, if satisfied; if not, we will remove goods at our expense, refund freight-charges and charge you nothing for a reasonable amount of Products used in trial.



No. 605

Dining-Room Oil Dome-Light. Cathedral-Glass Shade; choice of Green or Amber, with 4-in. Glass-Bead Fringe to match. Given with a \$10 purchase of Larkin Household Supplies.

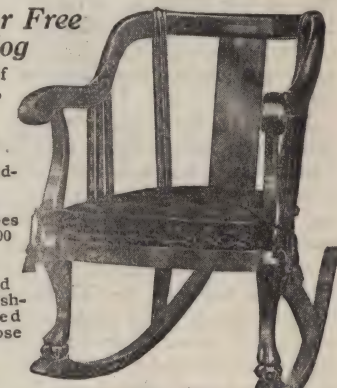
a reasonable amount of Products used in trial.

Get Our Free Catalog

It is full of interesting, money-saving offers; tells all about Larkin Products; fully illustrates and describes all of the 1700 articles of Wearing-Apparel and Housefurnishings offered you to choose from.

**Send
To-day.**

Address



No. 1305

Birch, Mahogany-finish; choice of Red or Green Silk-Plush Cushion. Given with a \$10 purchase of Larkin Household Supplies.

Department **Larkin Co.** BUFFALO, N. Y.
71 If West-of-the-Mississippi send to
LARKIN CO. Dept. 71 PEORIA, ILL.

Simply Fill In, Cut Out and Mail to Us

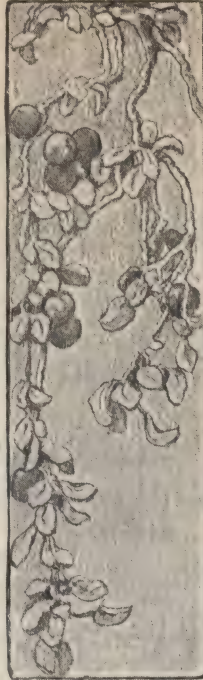
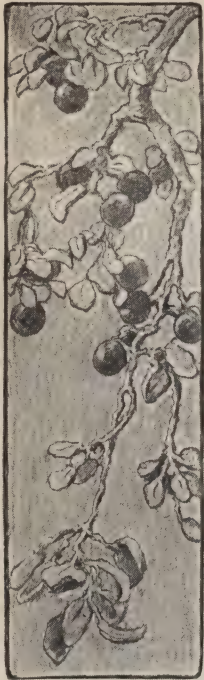
Larkin Co. Mail Catalog No. 71 and explain how I can clothe myself or furnish my home out of present cost of living. (G. P. 157.)

Name

St. and No.
or R. D.

P.O.

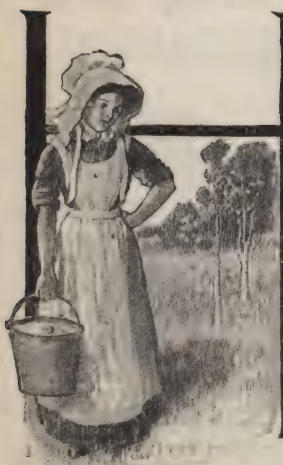
State



How Uncle Sam Helps the Farmer's Wife

By Catherine Frances Cavanaugh

Illustrated by Celeste Griswold



HOW'S your wife and the rest of the family? now that I hear your cattle is fine."

This sample of rural humor, without doubt, was inspired by the fact that the average farmer seems to give more consideration to his stock than to his family. In justice to him it should be remembered that farming is the business by which he supports his family, and he is no more remiss in his attentions to his wife than the average city man who is obliged to give the better part of his

time to the consideration of his office affairs and business associates—and let the family take the residue.

If the city wife has more comforts than the country wife it is because they are more easily procured. There are many things which money may secure in the city which cannot be had for love or money in the country. While the rural delivery, the trolley and the telephone have brought rural and urban districts into closer communication in certain sections of our country, it should be remembered that there are other sections where they have not penetrated. And, even granting that many of the rural districts have these modern conveniences, they do not give them some of the city conveniences that are as common as the water system.

While for many years the Agricultural Department has been assisting the farmer in teaching him the methods to get the best results from his land and his stock, it is comparatively recently that it has turned its attention to the needs of the farm wife and her province. It realizes that woman wants more to-day than she did yesterday, and that the best way to make men content to stay on the farms is to make their women folks content to stay there too, not under protest, but really happy and contented, doing their share to make farming a science and regarding its study as soul-inspiring as that of astronomy.

Realizing that, unless woman is a born gypsy, she cares more for her house than for fields and woods, and that the farm house is the heart of the farm, Uncle Sam sent his assistants into the country to see what the average farm house lacks and what can be done to supply such deficiencies. Did he think that the crying need of the farmer's family is more music and higher works of art? Not a bit of it. Those things certainly are elevating, he agreed, but a water supply that will furnish pure water, with least labor on the part of both the men and the women, is to be desired above all things. It is not only a source of cleanliness, but a source of peace—for many wordy wars have ensued on the question as to who should haul the water.

So Uncle Sam investigated, studied, then planned and told the farmer how to dig his well; where to locate it; how to construct a modern cistern made of cement, or concrete, with filtering chamber; how to connect it with the kitchen sink so the housewife would have the water handy; and also to make a bathroom possible by the same means. He told how to construct an elevated tank, which is often used to supply some large buildings, as well as small homes. He told of the possibilities of the windmill, and, when he concluded, he convinced the

farmer that to leave his house without some water system was not only unsanitary but down right dangerous—as in case of fire.

In event a new house is contemplated, he advises on the best location, and calls attention to the new building materials, principally concrete. He plans for the plumbing, sewerage, disposal of garbage, and installation of baths and laundry. He sees no reason why the modern farm should be deprived of furnace heat, or why the housekeeper should be smoked one-half the time and freezing the other half, and gives plans for installation of heating plants. He gives plans for new homes, and for remodeling old ones, from wall treatment to pantry conveniences. This knowledge he presents in the form of a bulletin, "Modern Conveniences for the Farm Home", as a supplement to that on "Practical Suggestions for Farm Buildings", which has enabled thousand of farmers to build wisely, and to judiciously rectify previous mistakes made in farm buildings.

Every farm wife will concede that, of all her tasks, those which come during butchering season are the most disagreeable, the hardest. Uncle Sam seeks to alleviate her distress by showing modern processes of butchering, curing, and keeping meat, and when she reads his up-to-date methods for making corned beef, salt pork, dry-cured pork, dried beef, head-cheese, scrapple, pickled pig's feet, lard, sausage, hamburger steak and bologna sausage, the ordeal diminishes before the anticipation of good things to eat for months to come.

Knowing that the poultry management falls to the lot of the farm wife, he has prepared a special pamphlet on chicken raising, starting with the egg and ending when the chicken is ready for market, or for the family dinner. He teaches her that the chicks must have almost as good care as babies; that they must have properly built houses, cleanliness, food and water. He tells of their diseases, and how to cure them—in short, stops only when the subject is exhausted. He teaches her not to through neglect kill the hen, which in these high-price times, comes very near to laying a golden egg. He has, also, made both scientific investigations and practical experiments on the raising of turkeys, squabs, guinea fowl, ducks, geese, etc., and issues a special work on incubation and incubators for her guidance.

The dairy being her special province, he tells her how to conduct a suc-

cessful dairy farm, or one on a smaller scale. In separate bulletins, he treats of butter-making; gives a course in cheese-making, such as is in vogue at the best agricultural schools in which he explains the advantages of the milking machine, the cream tester, and the separator, and makes her see the wisdom of co-operating with the city boards of health in running her dairy on hygienic principles.

He knows that many farm wives would keep bees, and have plenty of honey for home consumption and the market, if they only knew how to go about it. So he gives them a lecture on Bee-Keeping, and another on the Production and Care of Extracted Honey. He is careful to tell them that honey may be poisonous when made by bees allowed to sip from certain flowers—and thus saves them from unintentional injury to their families and customers.

He takes them on botanical expeditions, and by lecture and illustration, introduces them to wild medicinal plants native to our country, and to American root-drugs, so they may have some of the medical lore boasted by their ancestresses, with modern lore in addition, and need never be without simple remedies. He wants to impress it on their minds that many medicinal plants and roots deteriorate through age, and, while many old drugs, kept in the stores, may not be harmful, they are not at all helpful. The best way is to have one's own supply from Nature's laboratory. His lecture on the poisonous plants common to the United States, will also aid.

Many farms which devote the energy of the men to raising grain for the market, leave the truck garden to the women. Some of the women go about it half-heartedly, because they are discouraged at results—results which usually come from leaving Mother Nature to do all the work. To help the truck gardeners, Uncle Sam has made thorough experiments along certain lines, and then tells how successful results may be assured. He has issued special bulletins on potato culture, beets, asparagus, cranberries, strawberries, raspberries, tomatoes, cucumbers and okra. He gives printed lectures on how to kill the weeds; how to irrigate the garden, and to destroy the pests that prey on the reservation.

Uncle Sam is causing the farm wife to uplift herself by her own enthusiasm; showing her that she is concerned with science, not mere drudgery. The day may be passed when she could have time, or opportunity, to attend an agricultural college, but he is doing his best to bring its advantages to her, she using her own farm as the experiment station.



Chicks must have almost as good care as babies.

ANNE OF AVONLEA

Continued from page 7.

returned to the kitchen, just as Marilla came in, pulling the reluctant Davy, whom she had found in the darkest corner of the stable.

She jerked him to the mat on the middle of the floor and then sat down by the east window. Anne was sitting by the west window. Between them stood the culprit. His back was towards Marilla and it was a meek, subdued, frightened back; but his face was towards Anne and although it was shamefaced there was a gleam of comradeship in Davy's eyes, as if he knew he had done wrong and was going to be punished for it, but could count on a laugh with Anne later on.

But no hidden smile answered him in Anne's eyes, as there might have done had it been only a question of mischief.

"How could you behave so, Davy?" she asked sorrowfully.

Davy squirmed uncomfortably.

"I did it for fun. Things have been so quiet here that I thought it would be fun to give you folks a big scare. It was, too." Davy grinned over the recollection.

"But you told a falsehood about it, Davy," said Anne sorrowfully.

Davy looked puzzled.

"What's a falsehood? Do you mean a whopper?"

"I mean a story that was not true."

"Course I did," said Davy frankly. "If I hadn't you wouldn't have been scared. I had to tell it."

Anne was feeling the reaction from her fright and exertions. Two big tears brimmed up in her eyes.

"Oh, Davy, how could you?" she said. "Don't you know how wrong it was?"

Davy was aghast. Anne crying. He had made Anne cry! A flood of remorse rolled like a wave over his warm little heart. He rushed to Anne, hurled himself into her lap, flung his arms around her neck, and burst into tears.

"I didn't know it was wrong to tell whoppers," he sobbed. "How did you expect me to know it was wrong? All Mr. Sprott's children told them regular every day. I s'pose Paul Irving never tells whoppers and I've been trying awful hard to be as good as him, but now I s'pose you'll never love me again. I think you might have told me it was wrong. I'm awful sorry I've made you cry, Anne, and I'll never tell a whopper again."

Davy buried his face in Anne's shoulder and cried stormily. Anne in a flash of understanding, held him tight and looked over his curly thatch at Marilla.

"He didn't know it was wrong to tell falsehoods, Marilla. I think we must forgive him for that part of it if he will promise never to say what isn't true again."

"I never will, now that I know it's bad. If you ever catch me telling a whopper again you can—" Davy groped mentally for a suitable penance—"you can skin me alive, Anne."

"Don't say 'whopper,' Davy, say 'falsehood,'" said the schoolma'am.

"Why?" queried Davy, settling down and looking up with a tear-stained face. "Why ain't whopper as good as falsehood? It's just as big a word."

"It's slang; and it's wrong for little boys to use slang."

"There's an awful lot of things it's wrong to do," said Davy with a sigh. "I never s'posed there was so many. I'm sorry it's wrong to tell whop—falsehoods, 'cause it's awful handy. What are you going to do to me for telling them this time? I want to know." Anne looked at Marilla.

"I don't want to be too hard on the child," said Marilla. "I daresay nobody ever did tell him it was wrong to tell lies. Poor Mary was too sick to train him properly and I presume you couldn't expect a six-year-old child to know things like that by instinct. We'll have to assume he doesn't know anything right and begin at the beginning. But he'll have to be punished for shutting Dora up, and I can't think of any way except to send him to bed without his supper. Can't you suggest something else, Anne? I should think you ought to, with that imagination you're always talking of."

In the end Davy was sent to bed, to remain until noon next day. He evidently did some thinking, for when Anne went up to her room she heard him calling her. Going in, she found him sitting up in bed.

"Anne," he said solemnly, "is it wrong for everybody to tell whop—falsehoods?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Is it wrong for a grown-up person?"

"Yes."

"Then," said Davy decidedly, "Marilla is bad, for she tells them. And she's worse'n me, for I didn't know it was wrong but she does."

"Davy Keith, Marilla never told a story in her life," said Anne indignantly.

"She did so. She told me last Tuesday that something dreadful would happen if I didn't say my prayers every night. And I haven't for over a week, just to see what would happen, and nothing has," concluded Davy in an aggrieved tone.

Anne choked back a desire to laugh, and then set about saving Marilla's reputation.

"Why, Davy," she said solemnly, "something dreadful has happened this very day."

Davy looked sceptical.

"I s'pose you mean being sent to bed without any supper," he said, "but that isn't dreadful. Course, I don't like it, but I've been sent to bed so much since I come here that I'm getting used to it. And you don't save anything by making me go without supper either, for I always eat twice as much for breakfast."

"I don't mean your being sent to bed. I mean the fact that you told a falsehood to-day. And, Davy,"—Anne leaned over the footboard of the bed and shook her finger at the culprit—"for a boy to tell what isn't true is almost the worst thing that could happen to him. Marilla told you the truth."

"But I thought the something bad would be exciting," protested Davy in an injured tone.

"Marilla isn't to blame for what you thought. Bad things aren't always exciting. They're very often nasty and stupid."

"It was awful funny to see Marilla and you looking down the well," said Davy, hugging his knees.

Anne kept a sober face until she got downstairs and then she collapsed on the lounge and laughed until her sides ached.

"I wish you'd tell me the joke," said Marilla. "I haven't seen much to laugh at to-day."

"You'll laugh when you hear this," assured Anne. And Marilla did laugh. But she sighed afterwards.

"I suppose I shouldn't have told him that, although I heard a minister say it to a child once. But he did aggravate me so. He said he didn't see the good of praying until he got big enough to be of some importance to God. I do not know what we are going to do with that child. I'm discouraged."

"Oh, don't say that, Marilla. Remember how bad I was when I came here."

"Anne, you never were bad—never. You were always getting into scrapes, but your motive was always good. Davy is bad from sheer love of it."

"Oh, no, I don't think it is real badness," pleaded Anne. "It's just mischief. And it is rather quiet for him here, you know. He has no other boys to play with and his mind has to have something to occupy it. Dora is so prim and proper she is no good for a boy's playmate. I really think it would be better to let them go to school, Marilla."

"No," said Marilla resolutely, "my father always said that no child should be cooped up in school until it was seven years old, and Mr. Allan says the same thing. The twins can have lessons at home but go to school they shan't till they're seven."

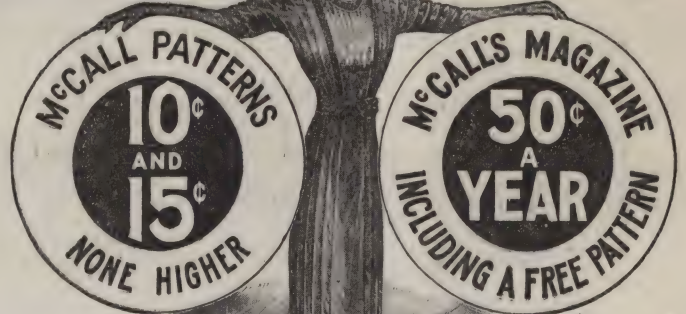
"We must try to reform Davy at home then," said Anne cheerfully. "With all his faults he's a dear little chap. I can't help loving him. It may be a dreadful thing to say, but honestly, I like Davy better than Dora."

Continued on page 22.

Correct Dress and Style for Women

McCALL PATTERNS

McCALL'S MAGAZINE



These celebrated patterns have been used 41 years. More of them sold in the United States than of any other make. Why is it? Because they are at once stylish, practical, easy to use, economical and absolutely reliable.

We are makers of Fashions. We create styles that become the standard. Women know they are dressed correctly and with refinement. Thousands of dress-makers use McCall Patterns. Sold by one or more reliable stores in nearly every city and town in the United States and Canada, or by mail, delivered upon receipt of price.

McCALL PATTERNS
No. 3665—Ladies' Waist
No. 3589—Ladies' Skirt
Price, 15 cents each.

is a woman's magazine. It is useful and helpful.

Primarily it is a fashion magazine, containing all the new monthly styles. It tells one how to dress stylishly and with refinement. It is also a household and family magazine, all in one; interesting and instructive alike to all.

Over a million a month are sold, which means millions of readers. Largest subscription of any ladies' magazine in the world. Only 50¢ a year, including a free pattern. Worth double. Sample copy upon request.

THE McCALL COMPANY, 206 to 216 W. 37th St., New York City

Chicago

San Francisco

Toronto, Canada

On Small Monthly Payments

Wonderful Bargains On Credit

The enormous National Credit Home Furnishing Business of Spear & Co., is growing daily by leaps and bounds as a result of the wonderful values and liberal terms extended to its multitude of friends.

How To Buy At Home With the Big Spear Catalog before you, you can see our immense stock of carpets, rugs, lace curtains, portiers, couch covers, etc., in actual colors. Also furniture, stoves, dishes, cutlery, go-carts, sewing machines, silverware, clocks, iron and brass beds, etc. These magnificent pictures and descriptions enable you to make a selection as well as though you visited our show rooms.

Little Down, Little a Month Don't pay cash! Your credit is good here. Select what you want from our Big Bargain Catalog, and pay a little each month. The Spear Plan makes it so easy for you to have all you want, just whenever you want it!

Thirty Days Free Trial We ship all goods on approval. Use them a whole month, then make up your mind. We pay freight charges both ways if you decide to return the goods.

\$8.15—Splendid Chair Bargain—\$8.15

Send us \$1.00 now and 75¢ per month and we will send you at once Spear's "Big Six" Set of Dining Chairs, especially designed and made for us with the idea of presenting our customers a truly remarkable chair bargain. Made of best Select Elm, thoroughly seasoned. Backs are handsomely carved in highly artistic design, securely dovetailed into the seats, and supported by strong, steam-bent braces.

SPEAR & CO., Dept. 15V Pittsburgh, Pa.

Write For My Big Free Catalog No. 15V

Spear of Pittsburgh



9-PIECE TABLE-SET

Given with a 5 Years' Subscription to NEEDLECRAFT



6-inch Doilies, a complete set of nine beautifully matched pieces. If you are not more than pleased with Needlecraft and the Table-Set, return the Set to us, and tell us why you do not like Needlecraft, and your money will be immediately returned to you and no questions asked. This is our guarantee of satisfaction. You take no chances. Send your order NOW.

Publishers NEEDLECRAFT, 11 Chapel Street, Augusta, Maine

Needlecraft is the name of the new fashion and fancy-work magazine published by the Vickery & Hill Publishing Co. Our 38 years of success in the publishing world are a guarantee that Needlecraft is all we claim for it. It is devoted to home dress-making, home millinery, embroidery, crocheting—in fact, everything will be found there that can help, interest or instruct the home-making, home-loving woman.

Needlecraft is published once a month on fine paper, and every month we use new, clear, readable type. The illustrations show in the clearest manner possible the latest styles and fabrics. To introduce Needlecraft to the public quickly, we are giving away, absolutely free, this beautiful 9-Piece Table-Set to all who will send one dollar for a five-years' subscription to Needlecraft. Not only that, but we give four additional months free—64 months for \$1.00.

We will enter your name as a paid-up subscriber until January, 1916, and will send you this handsome Table-Set, prepaid, just as soon as you send us one dollar. This Table-Set itself is worth almost that amount.

The Set comes stamped for Eyelet Embroidery on our best quality Linene, and consists of one 16x24, one 9x15, one 12-inch Centerpiece, and six

Delightful New

Books For
Boys and GirlsA New Regular
"Little Colonel"
book**"MARY WARE IN TEXAS"**

By Annie Fellows Johnston

The new book takes up the life of the "little vicar" two months after the ending of the last story, *Mary Ware: The Little Colonel's Chum*, and carries her to Texas where she has many new and interesting experiences.

Illustrated, Cloth, \$1.50

"THE LITTLE COLONEL DOLL BOOK" (Trade Mark)

A book of paper dolls, each with several changes of costume, representing many of the well-loved characters in the *Little Colonel* series. Every *Little Colonel* lover will be delighted with this novelty.

Quarto, boards, \$1.00

"A LITTLE SHEPHERD OF PROVENCE"

By Evalene Stein, author of "Gabriel and the Hour Book."

The story of a little French peasant boy who lived many hundreds of years ago in the French Peasant country. A tender little masterpiece told with great delicacy and charm.

Illustrated in colors, Cloth, \$1.00

"A TEXAS BLUE BONNET"

By Emelia Elliot, author of "Joan's Jolly Vacation," etc.

The story of a warm-hearted, impulsive girl of the Southwest, who after living all her life on a big ranch, comes to the far east on a visit and finds it hard to "get used" to Eastern ways.

Illustrated, Cloth, \$1.50

"SEVEN LITTLE WISE MEN"

By Frances Margaret Fox, author of "How Christmas Came to the Mulvaney's," etc.

In this new story Miss Fox relates how seven little children, who lived in sunny California, prepared for the great festival of Christmas.

Illustrated in colors, Cloth, \$1.00

(AT ALL BOOK SHOPS)

Published By

L. C. PAGE & COMPANY

53 Beacon St.,

Boston

MUSIC**LESSONS FREE**

IN YOUR OWN HOME

Join The Housewife Music Club

Special arrangements have been made by THE HOUSEWIFE with the famous U. S. School of Music of New York to organize THE HOUSEWIFE Music Club, to be composed of readers of this paper.

These lessons, for either Piano, Organ, Violin, Guitar, Banjo, Cornet, Mandolin or Sight Reading, will be given absolutely free to any reader of THE HOUSEWIFE.

This school has brought to life thousands of dead musical instruments all over the land, and is to-day one of the greatest blessings in musical life. As a member of this club you will have placed at your disposal every advantage of a full scholarship and tuition in this well-known institution. Every one having a love for music should take advantage of our generous offer at once.

It matters not whether you are a beginner or an advanced pupil, the lessons will be made suitable to your need.

You will get one lesson weekly, and your only expense during the time you take the lessons will be the cost of postage and the music you use, which is small.

Hundreds of our pupils write: "Wish I had known of your school before." "Have learned more in one term in my home with your weekly lessons than in three terms with private teachers, and at a great deal less expense." "Everything is so thorough and complete." "The lessons are marvels of simplicity, and my eleven-year-old-boy has not had the least trouble to learn." One minister writes: "As each succeeding lesson comes, I am more and more fully persuaded I made no mistake in becoming your pupil."

Established 1898—have thousands of pupils from seven years of age to seventy.

Don't say you cannot learn music till you send for our free booklet and tuition offer. It will be sent by return mail free. Address, U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Box 30, 225 Fifth Ave., New York City.

EDITORIAL OUTLOOK**On Thanksgiving Day**

LIKE the rest of humanity we women have countless big mercies for which to return thanks not only on the National Festival but every other day in the year, but there are certain little special mercies which affect our sex alone which may have slipped the memory of some of us. For instance, perhaps we have forgotten to be thankful that we are women. Frequently some one of us may be heard to say "Oh, if I were only a man!" but if she had her hasty wish granted she would soon discover she had left many pleasant things behind with her womanhood. The generality of people are considerate, kind and courteous to the womanly, refined woman. She is not expected as a matter of course to shoulder the hardest part of the work as is her husband, or father or brother, and if circumstances compel her to do so, if she is brave in adversity, industrious and clever, she gets her full meed of praise while men are expected to act in such manner without receiving any particular appreciation in return.

Then how exceeding glad we women folk of this independent country should be that we have not been born into a land where we would be expected to veil our faces in smothering draperies, or to spend monotonous existence behind bars and lattices, nor yet that we must resign ourselves to being regarded as unwelcome and inferior beings, good only to wait upon the men of the household, as would have been our lot had the stork dropped us in Persia or China instead of America.

Also assuredly it is cause for thankfulness from every one of us that womankind has so emancipated herself from the foolish restrictions of former days that she is now nearly as free in the enjoyment of fresh air and sunshine and Nature in every form as her brother man. She can run her own automobile or aeroplane or motor boat, swim, climb mountains, explore strange countries, make discoveries, invent helpful contrivances, travel about alone if necessary without exciting disagreeable comment or getting herself into difficulties, and as a result is a thousand times healthier and happier than when social forms condemned her to a rocking chair and fancywork, with prim walks under pink parasols for recreation and exercise. Let us be thankful indeed that we are not of the days of our grandmothers.

Surely, too, woman should be devoutly thankful that she has found out she can stand firmly on her own two feet without leaning for support on anyone, and that instead of insisting her husband or other masculine relative shall bear her about on his shoulders like an Old Woman instead of an Old Man of the Sea, she can walk beside him, and very frequently give him a helping hand over the rough places, or at least not retard him in his progress or add to his difficulties. If he is the right kind of man—and the right kind of men are fortunately in the majority—he loves and respects her all the more because of this new-found self-reliance, and that, too, is something for every woman to be thankful for.

L. D. R.

To-Morrow

SPAIN has been called "The Land of To-morrow," because of the continual use by its people of that word. Is there a task to be undertaken or a reform to be instituted the matter is set aside for a more convenient season, and the impatient are consoled by the promise of action upon another day. Consequently the nation has fallen into dilapidation and decay.

Yet I have often thought that a wiser application of the Spanish proverb would sometimes not be amiss. How much is frequently crowded into one day that could be better performed in several, if the workers would but remember that there were others to come!

Young Mrs. A. gets her washing out early and decides she can have half her ironing done that afternoon. Meanwhile the nice hot suds will be just the thing to mop that upstairs closet that needs cleaning. After her irons are hot, she probably recollects that she might as well have a cake baking and stops to mix it. And so one task leads to another until she finally falls asleep over the mending that need not have been finished before Wednesday. The cake scorched a little while she attended to the ironing, the starch did a good deal while she attended to the cake. Nothing was really well done except the work originally appointed for the day—the washing. Her idea had been to get all "the muss and clutter" out of the way as soon as possible, but as she had extended her labors into the hours when company usually come, she had been interrupted by callers, and with the numberless extra steps required of most housewives in the ordinary course of events, the day was overfull.

It is the same in other matters. Mrs. B. worries herself into hysterics over a coming trouble. The weeks pass, circumstances rearrange themselves, the trouble dissolves like a rainbow. To-morrow has laid it low.

"I must save for my old age," says the man. "For my children," says the woman.

The man dies in his prime; the children scatter, acquire good incomes of their own and despise the pittance that comes to them through their mother's sacrifices. A few more vacations might have prolonged the man's life; a few less privations might have left the children's hearts more tender, but, alas, provision was not made for to-day's bread, but for to-morrow's.

"To-morrow! It is a period nowhere to be found. In all the hoary registers of Time——," wrote old Nathaniel Cotton, yet in all probability it will appear among them as all previous to-morrow's have done. If it does not there is less need of preparing for it. Very few things will be of consequence in eternity.

Reasonable foresight must be exercised. Conditions exist and circumstances will arise to set aside all rules; yet for every hour there is one task, one thought supremely important. Carry that through as faithfully as possible, and leave to to-morrow the things of to-morrow.

Jennie's apron must be mended this very afternoon, but it is not necessary to plan her whole wardrobe for next Winter. Jimmie was naughty this morning and must be corrected for his fault, but that does not insure his inclination toward criminal tendencies when he grows up. James the elder may have scratched his hand quite badly last evening, but there is no reason to contemplate the awful agony of tetanus.

Are we not divinely commanded to "take no thought for the morrow?" "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Live to-day only, and to-morrow will be better able to carry its own burdens, bear its own griefs and rejoice in its own joys—for it sometimes seems as if we had blurred the sunshine of the present by too eager hopes for the future.

Use this day freely, trusting in the next. It will solve its own problems, reveal its own mysteries, lead us at last beyond the realms of time, past the bounds of sorrow and into a more "glorious to-morrow" than even Thomas Moore dreamed of.

H. M. MCC.

The Wife's Allowance

AS soon as the world was fairly launched upon its career there was a need for trade or barter. This of course necessitated some medium of exchange—the coinage of money immediately followed the discovery of malleability of metals; and as soon as money was invented, there arose the seed of one of the great problems of married life—the wife's allowance. The subject is, of course, an old one. It had its beginning in the dawn of civilization, as soon as money existed. At first the solution was simple, for the wife being little more than a slave, had no allowance at all. Then gradually, as the position of woman reached a higher plane, the question became involved; by the eighteenth century it was evident; in the nineteenth it was prominent; in the twentieth it is dominant. Should the wife have an allowance absolutely definite? Should this be exactly equal to her husband's share? Does she earn the equal share?

In the first place it is universally admitted that the wife must have some sort of allowance. It is her place to assume charge of the commissary department; and it will add greatly to the common advantage if she personally pays the bills which she personally contracts. Tradespeople will have more respect for the instructions of a woman who pays her own bills—she will be more of an active personality to them, and receive better attention and better service. Then she has her own individual purchases to make—for these she must pay either out of her allowance, or with money begged especially for the purpose. We say "begged" advisedly; and there is no single thing more annoying or humiliating to a woman than to be compelled to ask again and again for small amounts with which to make those numerous small purchases so dear to the feminine heart. There must be an allowance by all means—the great question concerns its proportion to the family income.

If that income is divided into two equal shares the husband and the family undergo some difficulty. The wife may out of her half pay for supplies, the husband for rent; yet the portions remaining from each share are unequally divided in that the husband should have a larger amount, which he might deposit in a bank, or invest for the common good. The wife's allowance should be of sufficient size to pay for supplies and her personal needs. The husband should certainly care for the greater amount—if he is an employee, to save it; if he is in business for himself, to apply it towards further success.

The wife has a perfect right to treat her allowance as a salary. Her husband's work is away from home, to be sure, but it cannot possibly in drudgery and monotony approach her daily routine. She is as much a wage-earner as her husband; if she actually does the housework she is accomplishing what an outside servant would be paid for doing. While the man is captain of the craft she is acting as common sailor—but in its way her labor is precisely as highly skilled as that of her husband. She is, therefore, entitled to an absolutely definite salary—a certain percentage of her husband's income, which she should use for herself after the household necessities are paid for. In this way she will feel the satisfaction of having actually earned her money—satisfaction which never goes with money doled out at irregular intervals by a careless husband. Her satisfaction will show itself by a greater interest in household management—an economy in one department will mean actual money in her pocket, and that is another satisfaction. Give the wife her own income, and avert one danger which has made countless married lives wretched. Ninety-nine per cent. of the world's troubles are caused by money matters.

E. H.



To overcome decay - acids in the mouth, a dentifrice must give a mild alkaline reaction

COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

does this most efficiently.

These three rules for the care of the teeth should be followed:

1. Before brushing, remove food particles lodged between the teeth with floss silk or quill pick.
2. Have your dentist examine your teeth twice a year.
3. Use Ribbon Dental Cream with luke-warm water morning and night.

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream cleans—preserves—polishes deliciously and antiseptically. To teach the regular care of the teeth a pleasant dentifrice is necessary. Colgate's is pleasant to the taste, without the presence of sugar, and efficient as a cleanser, without grit.

Trial Tube for 4 Cents

Colgate & Co., Dept. 36
55 John St., New York

Canadian Dept.
Corstine Bldg., Montreal



Stork Pants FOR BABY
Waterproof

Button neatly over diaper. Prevent baby's clothes from getting wet and matted, thus saving washing. White, light weight, no rubber. Easily cleansed. Price, 50c. Made from

Stork Sheeting
A rubberless waterproof fabric, light as linen. Guaranteed not to sweat or irritate the tenderest skin. Best for baby's crib, the sick bed, and all household purposes. By the yard: light and heavy weight, 30 in. wide, \$1.00; heavy weight only, 54 in. wide, \$1.50. Stork Catchall Bibs, 50c. Stork Plain Bibs, 25c. Stork Diaper Bags, black and white check, 50c.

CAUTION. Be sure the word "STORK," our registered trade mark, is on the goods you buy. If your dealer cannot supply you, we will mail postpaid on receipt of price. FREE. For your dealer's name, Baby Sponge Bag made of "Stork Sheeting," also booklet

The Stork Company
Department 54-V, Boston, Mass.
Also Makers of Stork Absorbent Diapers

BECOME A NURSE

By the Most Advanced Home-study Method.



TWO CHAUTAUQUA GRADUATE NURSES
Miss Margaret Agnes Hislop, Stratford, Ont. After studying our course Miss Hislop purchased and now successfully manages *Anacram Bras Hospital* with fourteen acres of beautiful private grounds. She writes: "I am highly pleased with the course."
Miss Nora Agnes Currid, St. Michael's Hospital, Newark, N. J., nurses the destitute sick without salary. She states: "The lectures are thorough, simple, and contain everything a nurse needs to know."

We have trained thousands of beginners and practical nurses in their own homes, to earn \$10 to \$25 a week. Send for our 9th 56-page Year Book explaining method, with stories of actual experience by successful nurses.

The Chautauqua School of Nursing
543 Main Street, Jamestown, N. Y.

PLAYS Large List, Vaudeville Sketches, Dialogs, Speakers, Hand Books, Drills, Operettas, etc. Catalogue free. T. S. DENISON & CO., Dept. 48, Chicago, Illinois.

MOTHER'S REALM

A Department for all Who Have Little Folks



JUST MOTHER

By Margaret Stantyn Humphreyville.

Illustration by George A. Harker.

MOTHER knows when your head is hurt, She knows what will make it well. Mother knows of a secret dear— It is yours and she will not tell! Mother knows when you're scared at night, If the lights are a wee bit low;

Mother sits by your little bed When you beg her not to go. Mother knows just the very best things, Just what you want her to do, Mothers are really our very best friends, I think so, my dear, don't you?

Parental Dont's

BY GENEVA M. SEWELL.



PARENTS, don't quarrel; at least not in the presence of your children. If you must say mean and spiteful things to each other go into a room by yourselves, and

have it out where no one but God and your ears can hear; but don't teach your children the contemptible habit of wrangling.

Don't break promises made to your children. You MUST keep your word if you wish to keep your child's confidence.

Don't punish your children for not behaving themselves when away from home. Punish yourself if anybody; you are the one to blame. Had you taught your children to conduct themselves properly at home you would have no trouble with them when you take them with you.

Don't act as if you were afraid your children would discover that you loved them. If you do love them let them know it; caress them, play with them; sympathize with them. Children need love just as much as flowers need sunshine.

Don't punish a child without letting him know why he is punished. It is unjust and the child knows it. First show him where he done wrong, and how he can do right, and then discipline him as best fits the case.

Don't give up the care of your children to a hireling. Every child's caretaker should be a child lover, and who loves a child like its own mother and father? The father-love and the mother-love should be like two wings, ever lifting the child upward. Don't delegate this up-lifting business to someone who probably cares more for the dollars there is in it than for the welfare of your child.

Don't tell or allow to be told to your children horrible stories. Fill the child's mind with beautiful thoughts, thoughts that in later years will blossom into noble deeds. Don't crowd into his head a host of hideous monsters, that will always be thrusting their frightful faces from out of every dark corner, unless you wish to raise a crop of cowards.

Don't make it necessary for your children to go away from home in order to have a good time. Some children feel most at home when away from home. Don't be the parents of such children.

Don't scold. What good does it do? Listen to your scolding neighbor. She is your looking glass. Take a good look at yourself and then, ever after, be pleasant and sweet, though firm with your child.

Don't let false modesty or anything else prevent you from warning your sons and daughters of the pitfalls that lie all along the path of life. Not only tell them to be-

ware, but tell them of WHAT to beware. Teach them how they will be assailed in order that they may know how to guard themselves. Be the first to reveal to your boy or girl the so-called secrets of life. Don't let some foul mouthed companion get the start of you. Don't shirk your parental duties. Don't let your children bring up themselves, nor let anybody else do it. Do it yourselves. Give them the right start. Pour into their lives all that is best in your own. Plant love deep in their hearts; instill beautiful thoughts in their minds and leave the rest to God.

Teaching a Child Not to Fear the Dentist

BY JOSEPH M. STAPLES, D. D. S.

IT IS a very serious mistake for parents or others to speak disparagingly of the pain accompanying dental work in the presence of a child. A child's first serious pain is that of cutting teeth and it naturally creates an impression of dread of any operation within the mouth. Every effort should be made to overcome this impression and it can be easily done with the co-operation of the family dentist to whom occasional visits at regular intervals should be made, beginning with the first teeth.

A staunch friendship should be established between the child and the dentist as early as possible for they shall, of necessity, meet often throughout life and it is well for them to understand each other from the start. A child should be taught that the dentist's mission is one of benefaction, not of torture; his attitude that of friendship, and that at least a part of the child's welfare depends upon him.

When it becomes necessary to speak of pain do not refer to it as being next to unbearable but impress upon the child's mind the fact that most of the pain of a dental operation is due to neglect on the part of the patient and can be reduced to the minimum by following the dentist's instructions in regard to caring for the teeth.

Don't try to coax a child to the dentist with promises of no pain; tell him the truth and teach him that fortitude is a virtue and the lack of it a decided weakness; that procrastination is productive of nothing but unnecessary suffering and expense.

When an adult MUST express his horror of a dentist he should do so out of the hearing of a child for the youthful mind is very receptive and impressions are apt to be created that will make it impossible for the dentist to render efficient service.

Do not teach the child directly nor indirectly to fear a dentist but teach him that regular visits to the dentist are essential to good teeth and that good teeth are absolutely essential to good health.



MOTHERS:—

THE BABY BOOK (just published) places within your reach a greater variety of merchandise of the highest standard in style, quality and workmanship than can usually be found even in the largest stores of the country. Its pages are filled with practical suggestions which cannot fail to be of real assistance to you in properly caring for and clothing both yourself and babe.

Years of experience have given me a thorough knowledge of the requirements of mother and babe, and I would be pleased at any time to give you my personal advice and assistance in the selection of materials or garments.

A copy of THE BABY BOOK will be mailed to you immediately upon request. Write me personally.

Sincerely yours,

Ulysses Emerson Goff

SEARS, ROEBUCK AND CO.

The Baby Department.

Chicago, Ill.

You can depend upon it



Because there are no seams or joints—no cement or wire

Nothing to give way under the action of hot water

Walpole Hot Water Bottle

and Combination Fountain Syringe

Fusible Core Success

The only hot water bottle of absolutely one piece of moulded rubber. A two year guarantee goes with every one—instead of a "Caution" against boiling water—use it if you wish.

Will outlast three bottles made of several pieces of rubber cemented together, liable to spring a leak any time. For this reason, and because the Walpole costs no more than many other bottles, you should insist upon it of your dealer.

If he cannot supply you order from us direct, giving his name, enclosing express or money order, and we will send it prepaid.

1 qt., \$1.75; 2 qt., \$2.00; 3 qt., \$2.25; 4 qt., \$2.50. Combination Hot Water Bottle & Syringe, 2 qt., \$2.75; 3 qt., \$3.00.

WALPOLE RUBBER CO., 185 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

LABLACHE FACE POWDER

WOMAN'S CHIEF CHARM

is a perfect complexion, such as is enjoyed by thousands who use that great beautifier—**Lablache**. Its users are conspicuous at social functions, because "it makes you look ten years younger" by preventing wrinkles, eliminating that shiny appearance and keeping the skin smooth and velvety. Its delicate fragrance is delightful.

Refuse Substitutes. They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink, or Cream, 60c. a box, of druggists or by mail.

Send 10c. for sample box.

BEN. LEVY CO.

French Perfumers

Dept. 319

125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.





Try It On

SALADS

and obtain that piquancy so often lacking in salad dressings. Use

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

Soups, Fish, Steaks, Roasts, Chops, Game, Gravies, Chafing Dish Cooking, Welsh Rarebit and many other dishes are greatly improved by its use.

Imitators have always failed to get the delightful flavor of Lea & Perrins Sauce.

Shun Substitutes.

JOHN DUNCAN'S Sons, Agents, N. Y.

A Kalamazoo Direct to You

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

"And Gas Stoves Too" Spend One Cent For This Big FREE Book

Our Big Free Stove and Range Book gives you our factory wholesale prices and explains all—saving you \$5 to \$40 on any famous Kalamazoo stove or range, including gas stoves. Sold only direct to homes. Over 140,000 satisfied customers in 21,000 towns—many near you—to refer to, \$100,000 bank bond guarantee. We prepay all freight and give you



Oven Thermometer Makes Baking Easy

—30 Days Free Trial
—360 Days Approval Test
CASH OR CREDIT

Write a postal for our book today—any responsible person can have same credit as your home stores would give you—and you save \$5 to \$40 cash. No better stoves or ranges than the Kalamazoo could be made—at any price. Prove it before we keep your money. Be an independent buyer. Send name for Free Catalogue No. 440.

Kalamazoo Stove Company, Mfrs.
KALAMAZOO MICHIGAN

IRONING MADE EASY



The Simplex Ironer

will iron all plain clothes, bed and table linen, dollies, curtains, etc. in a few minutes without trouble, backache or health-destroying labor. Gives better finish than hand iron, inexpensive to heat, simple, durable, sizes to suit. Hand or power. Low in price.

30 days free trial. Write today for booklet with prices and name of our dealer.

AMERICAN IRONING MACHINE CO., V30 E. Lake St., Chicago

FREE VANS NORUB A Large Package

Your money back if it doesn't wash clothes clean without rubbing or injury to them

Different from others—just a tablet—chip it in the boiler—makes washing quick and easy and clothes clean and fresh. No acids, ammonia, lye or chemicals to harm clothes or skin. Sold by grocers everywhere 10c. a package.

If your regular dealer will not supply you we will send you a large sample package Free for his name and address.

VAN ZILE COMPANY, 826 Monastery St., West Hoboken, N. J.



For Thanksgiving Dinner

By LILIAN DYNEVOR RICE



WHEN Thanksgiving dinner means gathering together of a large family clan in which there is a generous mixture of fidgety little folks it is best to keep the table setting simple, leaving plenty of room for the carving, serving and eating, also minimizing regret on the part of the hostess when gravy or cranberry sauce finds its way to napkin or table cloth instead of expensive doilies and place cards. But when only a select number of adult guests are to be present the table decorations can easily be in character with the day, such arrangements as are pictured being possible wherever ordinary Autumn stores are available.

The first table has a centerpiece made of a basket such as Smyrna figs are packed in, but for it can be substituted any attractive fancy dish. It is filled with mixed nuts and in the center is a bunch of wheat heads, similar heads forming the standard for the basket. From the center of the basket are carried strings of cranberries ending as frames for large carrots, hollowed out and holding bunches of wheat. Strings of cranberries also form corner ornaments for the little glass candlesticks. At each place is a small papier mache turkey standing on a card bearing the guest's name and an appropriate motto. The gold of the wheat, the different shades of brown of the nuts and the deep crimson of the cranberries combine most attractively and are shown off perfectly by the snowy tablecloth.

The second table has a centerpiece of long carrots arranged log cabin fashion, and held firmly at the corners by wooden toothpicks, these being thrust in so far they are invisible. In the case so made are arranged apples and grapes, with bright colored maple leaves intermingled. The Autumn leaves are also carried across the table as pictured, with candlesticks made of hollowed-out carrots placed at regular intervals. A papier mache carrot at each place holds a rolled-up paper bearing a Thanksgiving verse. To keep the Autumn leaves from shriveling during the dinner lay them as soon as gathered in between the leaves of a heavy book, and when they are dry either varnish them back and front, or else rub a heated flat iron first over a piece of paraffine then over the leaves until the surface of the latter is coated with transparent wax. The varnishing is preferable, however, as the wax slightly dims the bright color. Artificial Autumn leaves can be obtained inexpensively, but the natural ones are far more beautiful and are not much trouble to prepare.

The formal dinner of course necessitates the serving of soup, probably preceded by oysters or clams on the half shell or grape fruit which latter has largely taken the shell-fish course in localities where the latter are not obtainable—but when these two courses can be omitted so much the better for the appetite to enjoy the turkey and the accompaniments which form the principal part of the feast. When soup is served it should be clear, such as consommé, or else small portions of oyster, clam or lobster bisque—any of which can be made of canned shellfish if the fresh is not obtainable, and any of which make a good appetizer to precede poultry. Instead of the bisque, which merely means whatever fish is used is chopped fine so as to mingle with the liquid portion, plain oyster or clam soup may be served. In either case be sure to cook the shell fish, after straining and washing to remove all bits of shell, in its own liquor, and bring the milk to the boiling point by itself, putting the two together only when pouring into the tureen, otherwise the milk will curdle. If thickening with bread or cracker crumb or flour be desired this can be added to the boiling milk. The proper way is to pour the oysters or clams into the tureen then the milk last of all. The butter and seasoning are added to the oysters, etc., while they are cooking.

The experienced housekeeper has half a dozen recipes for turkey stuffing at her fingers' ends, but even she, as well as the bride who has just come into her kitchen kingdom, can profitably avail herself of the following which is liked whenever tried: Allow one good-sized stale loaf of baker's bread for a ten-pound tur-

key. Trim off the crusts, cutting these as thin as possible, then crumb the rest, using a coarse grater. Season to taste with salt and pepper, and stir in a cup of celery which has been cooked until tender then chopped. Add last of all half a cupful of melted butter but no water. Mix well, then stuff the turkey but do not pack closely as there must be room for the bread to swell. Keep the water in which the celery was cooked to make the gravy. Instead of the celery a cupful of well-washed and chopped oysters may be used, or some cooks mingle the two, using half a cupful of oysters and half a cupful of chopped celery. Canned oysters can be used as well as fresh.

A novelty will be found in serving piping hot fried oysters as a garnish for the Thanksgiving turkey, placing them as a border about it alternating them with slices of lemon or lemon points and tufts of celery. When serving apportion two oysters to each guest along with the slices of turkey and a little mound of the stuffing, which when oysters are served should consist of merely celery and bread crumb.

Turkey gravy to be appetizing should be as brown as the breast of the bird itself. This color can only be obtained when there is fre-

gobbler is suitable for roasting, but there must be no doubts about the tenderness which can be ascertained by trying the skin under the wing. If it breaks easily the bird is tender, Old turkeys will have long hairs on the breast and the skin on the legs and back will be purplish. If there is any doubt about the tenderness of the bird better boil it, for a boiled turkey is delicious and certainly infinitely to be preferred to a tough roasted one. It should be prepared the same as for roasting, oyster stuffing being the best for it. The wings and legs should be tied close to the body after stuffing, and the breast and body securely sewed to keep the stuffing from escaping. The bird should then be placed breast downward in boiling salted water—a well scoured clothes boiler will serve for a cooking utensil if a regular kettle is not large enough. Put in the water a pound of salt pork and cook all with frequent skimming, for two hours. Do not salt the water too heavily as it can be used for soup after being allowed to cool and then skimmed. When serving slice the pork in neat thin slices and lay these, one slightly overlapping the other, about the turkey, giving a slice to each guest with the portion of turkey. With boiled

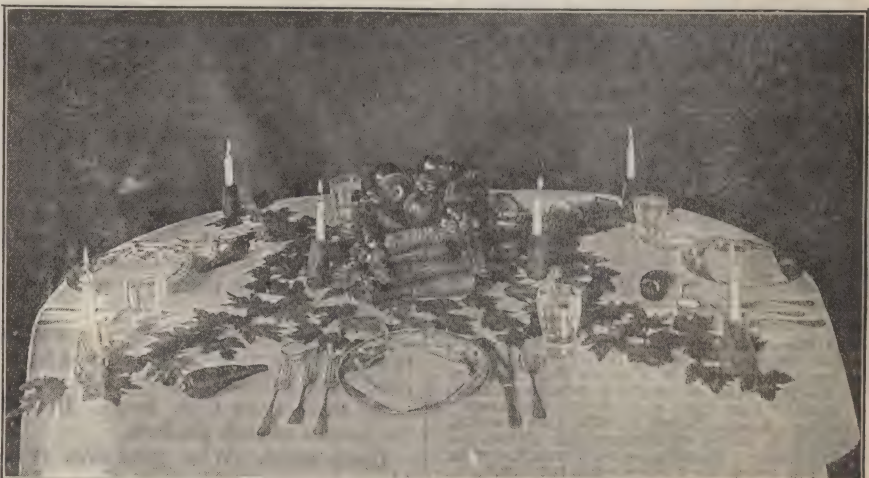


With Wheat, Nuts and Cranberries

Photographed by Mary H. Northend

quent basting and when after the bird is cooked and removed from the pan most of the fat is poured off and the flour stirred into the brown portion at the bottom of the pan, then the thick paste thus formed thinned with either the celery water or the water in which the well-washed heart, liver and gizzard have been slowly simmering while the turkey has been roasting. If giblet gravy is liked these portions after being cooked perfectly tender should be chopped fine—the liver can be mashed with a fork—and

turkey should be served drawn butter or oyster sauce. The former is made by mixing to a smooth paste two tablespoonfuls of sifted flour with half a teacupful of melted but not hot butter—it should be slightly warm. Put this over the fire and stir into it gradually a pint of milk, flavoring with salt and white pepper. This is a much better way than to boil the milk and then thicken it with the flour and butter. A delicious flavor can be given by using half a cupful of the water in which the



With Autumn Leaves and Carrots

Photographed by Mary H. Northend

added to the gravy when it is of the right consistency. Do not add too much water, and a heaping tablespoonful of flour is about the proper quantity for thickening.

A young hen turkey or a very tender young

celery has been cooked for the stuffing and a cupful and a half of milk. The sauce should be like thick cream.

For the oyster sauce strain a pint of oysters and put the juice to heat adding the oysters

as soon as they have been rinsed and looked over for small bits of shell. Cook until they begin to ruffle, remove with a skimmer to the sauce boat, skim the liquor then add a teacupful of rich milk which has been thickened with a tablespoonful of flour rubbed to a paste with two tablespoonfuls of butter. Season with salt and cayenne pepper. If the oysters are very large they should be cut in half, but preferably small ones should be selected.

Cranberry sauce, which goes with either roast or boiled turkey, is capable of much finer flavor than the average cook is aware. To her the berries are merely to be stewed and sweetened, with possible straining later. This, however, is the way a Minnesota housewife advises cooking the ruby berries in order to get out of them the best that is in them: Look them over and with a pair of kitchen scissors or a sharp, thin-bladed knife clip off the tiny hard red end of every berry—the stem end which seldom gets perfectly ripe, certainly not as ripe as the rest of the berry, and in which lies the sour, puckery taste. When the stem end is removed the sugar can penetrate where it is most needed. Wash the berries and put them in a porcelain-lined or agate kettle with sufficient cold water to allow for all the juice desired, just enough to cover is a good rule; then with a tablespoon—wooden or plated—carefully spread granulated sugar on top of the berries, using two medium-sized cupfuls or one pound for every quart of berries. Do not stir the sugar at all. Set the kettle aside for several hours or even all night. Leaving the sugar to dissolve over them in this way seems to harden the berries and makes them keep their shape. When ready to stew them set the kettle on the back of the stove where they will cook very slowly, uncovered and with the sugar still over them, but as the scum rises press the berries down gently into the juice with the back of the tablespoon, also carefully skim off all the scum that rises. If covered or stirred the berries will surely cook to a mush. When the berries are ready to be removed from the fire they will be as perfect in shape as when put in the kettle,

perfectly transparent and a beautiful, rich red. The juice, too, if all the scum has been removed, will be so luscious that you will be amazed at the difference between this sauce and the kind usually served—a puckery mush. That any fruit so highly prized as cranberries, that come just in season to serve with game and other meats, and that last the Winter through should be ruined so frequently in cooking seems a wicked waste of fine material. In cooking the turkey, that majestic American bird, the housewife spares no pains to have it done in such a way as to please the eye as well as tempt the taste, then why not as skilfully cook that finest of relishes, cranberry sauce, in a manner befitting what associates with His Majesty King Turkey.

When cranberry jelly is desired, as is frequently the case, as some people of delicate digestion cannot eat the skin and seeds, cover the well-washed berries with cold water, then cover the kettle and bring to the boil and cook until the berries can be mashed with a spoon. Strain the juice through a jelly bag or fine strainer and for every cupful allow a cupful and a half of granulated sugar. Put the sugar in the saucepan, turn the strained juice over it and let stand until sugar is melted, then cook until a little jellies when put on a saucer. Turn into small individual moulds or egg cups and let stand for at least twenty-four hours. Serve one of these to each guest, or if preferred the jelly may be moulded in one large form and distributed in slices.

For a Thanksgiving pudding which melts in the mouth warm a pint each of molasses and rich milk then mix them. Beat four eggs light and beat into the molasses and milk, also add a cupful of finely-chopped suet and sifted corn meal sufficient to make a thick batter, stir into this a teaspoonful each of powdered cinnamon and nutmeg and salt, and a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little warm water. Pour into the well-buttered baking pan and bake for half an hour when stir thoroughly and bake for one hour and a half longer. Serve hot with hard sauce, wine sauce or lemon sauce.

THE COOKERY OF APPLES

By Estelle Cowing

NORTH America is the greatest apple-producing region in the world, and New York leads all other States in the quantity grown. As the apple may be had all the year around, and is especially delicious and reasonable in price when other fruits are costly and unobtainable it may easily be regarded as the most important fruit our country produces. Also it is acceptable to the palate whether eaten raw or cooked, and is wholesome in either state. At first thought apple cookery would suggest only apple sauce and baked apples, but a newspaper recently published the fact that the girls in a certain Western college have been taught to prepare apples for the table in one hundred and twenty-seven different ways. While all the one hundred and twenty-seven recipes cannot be given in these columns because of limited space the ones which are presented will be found novel and delicious.

German Apple Pie.—Sift together two cupfuls of pastry flour and a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder, then rub into this a tablespoonful of soft butter, add a pinch of salt, one well-beaten egg and sweet milk to make a soft dough. Roll out to half an inch thickness, and cover the bottom and sides of a well-buttered baking tin such as is used for tea biscuit. Into this dough-shell put peeled, cored and quartered juicy apples and sprinkle with powdered cinnamon and granulated sugar or pour on a little molasses. Do not cover the top with the dough. Bake in a quick oven until the apples are light brown in color, then serve hot or cold with powdered sugar and cream.

Apple Plum Pudding.—Shred fine six ounces of suet and mix with it a pinch of salt, four ounces of granulated sugar, half a pound of sifted bread crumbs, half a pound each of chopped apples, raisins and currants, two ounces of shredded citron, half a teaspoonful of mixed ground spices and two tablespoonfuls of flour. Stir in last of all four well-beaten eggs, and if there is no objection a wineglassful of brandy. Turn into a well-buttered pudding mould and boil for four hours. Serve with hard sauce, or a liquid lemon sauce. It is good hot or cold.

Apple Butter.—This is by no means the preserves-like compound so delicious as a spread for little folks' bread in Winter, although it is a kind of superior first cousin to it. To make the butter, peel, quarter and core a dozen fine flavored apples and put them in an earthenware baking dish with a heaping tablespoonful of butter and three of granulated sugar. Set on the stove for five minutes or until the sugar and butter are melted, then add half a tumblerful of peach, apricot or quince jam and the grated rind of an orange, and set in the oven with a cover over the dish until the apples are soft. Beat lightly with a fork but not enough to reduce the apples to a pulp. Turn into a mold wet with ice water and set in a cold place to harden. Serve with cream.

Apple Souffle Pudding.—Peel, core and cook to a pulp four pounds of tart apples, using as little water as possible. When soft but still

hot stir in four ounces of butter. Let cool, then add half a pint of cream, sugar to make quite sweet, the grated rind of a lemon, one grated nutmeg—or cinnamon may be used if the flavor is preferred—and last of all four well-beaten eggs. Stir all thoroughly, then pour into a deep dish lined with puff paste and bake until the crust edge begins to brown. The pudding should be very light and should be eaten at once, no sauce being required, although sweet cream is a dainty addition.

Apple Cup Custard.—Pare, core and quarter a dozen fine flavored apples. Grate over them the peel of a lemon, then stew in just enough water to keep from burning until soft when mash smooth and measure out three cupfuls of the pulp with which mix half a cupful of granulated sugar and let cool. Beat six eggs very light then add to them gradually a quart of rich milk and the stewed apples, putting in first a little milk then a little apple until all is mixed when pour into custard cups and bake for twenty minutes. When ready to serve grate a little nutmeg over the tops. The custards should be served cold.

Apple Glace.—Use for this firm greenings, and select those that are of uniform size and shape. Pare them and cut in half, removing the cores carefully not to break the pulp. Put in a saucepan with just water enough to cover—it is better to cook only a few at a time—and for every six apples put in a cupful of granulated sugar. Simmer very slowly after bringing to the boil until the apple halves can be easily pierced with a broomstick, then remove with a skimmer to the dish in which the dessert is to be served—preferably a pretty glass one—and continue cooking until all the halves are ready, when boil the syrup very slowly for half an hour longer, then pour over the apples. Set in a cold place and leave undisturbed for several hours. The syrup will form a transparent jelly over the apples. Serve with cream. Nutmeg or lemon peel may be used to flavor the apples while cooking and extra deliciousness may be given by adding a few blanched walnut meats.

Apple Puffs.—Make first a batter of three well-beaten eggs, a pint of milk, a pinch of salt and enough flour to make as for waffles, adding last of all one and a half teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Peel, core and chop half a dozen fine flavored apples. Put in buttered custard cups a layer of the batter then one of chopped apples. Sprinkle the apples with sugar and nutmeg or cinnamon, then pour in more batter, alternating the layers until the cups are full and finishing with a layer of the batter, allowing about half an inch for rising. Steam or bake for one hour and serve hot with cream and sugar, or with maple syrup.

Apple Indian Pudding.—Pare and core a dozen pippins and slice thin. Stir into a quart of sweet milk a quart of sifted corn meal, a pinch of salt, four tablespoonfuls of chopped suet and a teacupful of molasses. Last of all stir in well a teaspoonful of soda that has been dissolved in a little warm water. Pour the whole into a buttered pudding dish and bake for four hours. Serve hot with hard sauce or liquid lemon sauce, or with maple syrup.



Dainty Desserts for Dainty People

Knox Pure, Plain Sparkling Gelatine

is much more than a delicious dessert. It just naturally lends itself to a thousand and one other uses—for garnishing the meats, stiffening the sauces and gravies, making the ices and preparing the salads—throughout the entire meal from soup to dessert.

FREE on request, with your grocer's name, the revised edition of "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People," a book of new recipes, many of them beautifully illustrated in colors.

A pint sample will be sent for 2c stamp and your grocer's name.

CHARLES B. KNOX CO., 139 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, New York



"Be sure it's SUN PASTE!" "Always ready for instant use!" "Touch up the spots!" "A perfect shine!"

SUN PASTE STOVE POLISH

It Shines the Best Whichever Way You Look at it

The shine is blackest, the shine is brightest, the shine is quickest, and above all others it is absolutely dustless. Just what you want for your stove, isn't it? Get it the next time, and you will be convinced and delighted.

MORSE BROS., Props., Canton, Mass., U.S.A.

1847 ROGERS BROS. X S TRIPLE

"Silver Plate that Wears"



The famous trade mark "1847 ROGERS BROS." on spoons, forks, knives, etc., guarantees the heaviest triple plate. Send for catalogue "Y 16."

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.,
(International Silver Co., Successor)
New York Chicago MERIDEN, CONN. San Francisco



HIGHEST in QUALITY SMOOTHNESS and FLAVOR

Huyler's CHOCOLATES of RARE QUALITY



HIGHEST in QUALITY and FLAVOR

Hotel Cumberland



S. W. Cor. Broadway at 54th St.
NEW YORK

Near 50th Street Subway and 53d Street Elevated Station.

Ideal Location
Near Theaters, Shops and Central Park
New, Modern and Absolutely Fire-proof

Transient Rates: \$2.50 with Baths and up
All outside rooms. Send for Booklet.
Under the Management of
HARRY P. STIMSON Formerly of Hotel Imperial
R. J. BINGHAM Formerly of Hotel Woodward


AGENTS - \$45.00 A WEEK MENDETS



They mend leaks instantly in granite ware, hot water bags, tin, copper, brass, cooking utensils, etc. No heat, solder, cement or rivet. Any one can use them. Fits any surface. Perfectly smooth. Wonderful invention. Millions in use. Send for sample pkg., 10c. Complete pkg., assorted sizes, 25c., postpaid. Agents wanted.

Collette Mfg. Co., Box 120 Amsterdam, N.Y.

THE STEPPING-STONE TO WEALTH

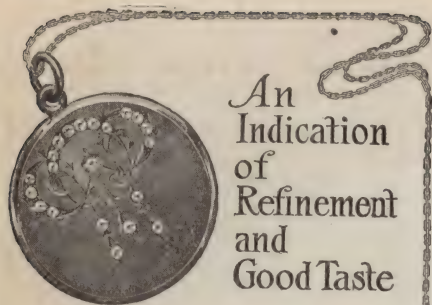


is the systematic saving of money. You and members of your family can easily cultivate this admirable habit by putting a dime in

Grab's Keyless Basket Bank

every day. You'll be surprised to see how fast the money accumulates. Deposit of each coin registered automatically. Capacity, \$30. Bank opens when \$5 or multiple thereof has been deposited. Cannot be opened otherwise. Made of solid steel, oxidized copper finish. Size 2 1/2 x 3 1/2 inches. Price, \$1.00. Money back if not satisfactory. Order NOW.

prepaid in U. S.
VICTOR M. GRAB & CO., 811 Ashland Block, Chicago, Ill.



An
Indication
of
Refinement
and
Good Taste

Nothing more appropriate for
the birthday, wedding or holiday gift.
Ask your jeweler to show you

W & H Co.
LOCKETS

The most stylish and correct
ornament for the pendant chain now
so much in vogue.

Always so endearing to the
possessor because of the precious mementos
or photos which it preserves.

That you may easily identify
them—that you may be sure of
honest value at a consistent price, al-
ways look for the little heart trade-
mark stamped on the inside.

For over half a century W.
& H. Co. lockets have set the style
and been accepted as the standard.

Particularly appropriate for all
occasions is the locket illustrated above,
known as No. 9212. Fine rolled gold
plate, set with small sparkling brilliants.
Ask to see it of your jeweler.

Wightman & Hough Co.

Providence,

R. I.

**W & H
CO**

Look
for this
Mark on Inside

Vose



VOSE PIANOS

The tone, touch and magnificent wearing
qualities of the **VOSE** Piano are only explained by the
exclusive patented features, the high-grade ma-
terial and superb workmanship that enter
into their construction. The **VOSE** is an ideal piano
for the home. Over 65,000 sold. Delivered in the
United States free of charge. Satisfaction guar-
anteed. Liberal allowance for old pianos and time
payments accepted.

FREE.—If you are interested in pianos, let us send
you our beautifully illustrated catalog, that gives
full information.

VOSE & SONS PIANO CO.
1013 Mass. Ave. Boston, Mass.

Rugs Carpets Curtains Blankets

Manufacturers' prices save you
dealers' profits. We give a bind-
ing guarantee of satisfaction and
save you \$3 1-3 per cent.
You can buy the well-known Regal
Rug, reversible, all wool finish, at
\$3.75. Our Brussels Rug, great-
est value known, \$1.85.

Splendid grade Brussels
Rug, 9x12 ft., \$11. Famous
Irish Velvet, 9x12 ft., \$16. Standard
Axminster, 9x12 ft.,
\$18.50. Fine quality
Lace Curtains, 45c per
pair and up. Tapestry
Curtains, Wilton Rugs,
Linoleums at Mill prices.
Write to-day for our NEW
ILLUSTRATED CATALOG,
No. 14. Sent free. Shows latest
designs in actual colors.
UNITED MILLS MFG. CO.
2450-2462 JASPER ST., PHILA.

25c **STAMPING-OUTFIT**
Big Offer! Has 70 Perforated
Patterns (which can be used many
times) with a retail value of \$3.00.
Shirt Waist, Corset Cover, Doilies,
26 Initials etc., a Box Stamping Paste,
Illus. Stitches and subscription to Fan-
cy Work Book Modern Embroidery. All for 25c.
Walter P. Webber, Lynn, Mass. Box H

Scrap-Bag Christmas Gifts

By Cynthia Kauffman

IF you are gifted
with forehand-
ness you have
been saving up
against this time of
year all the pretty
bits of lace, silk, vel-
vet and satin which
have been left over
from the sewing
room, not to mention
lovely fine pieces of
linen, white or color-
ed, or crash which
remained after the
Summer dresses were
fashioned. Look over
your stores now and
plan out some Christ-
mas gifts which are
certain to be accepta-
ble because they are
useful as well as
pretty.

Let us begin with
the butterfly which
forms the most con-
venient of side shades
for center lamp or gas drop-light, or it can be
made in miniature size for candle shades. The
pictured one is eight and a half inches wide
and seven inches deep. It is made of light
yellow velvet cut to the right shape then
smoothly pasted on heavy cardboard, to which
is first sewed the wire holder which can be
bent to make the shade come to any height,
and which when in use is slipped inside the
glass or china shade. The markings of the
butterfly are made with water color, deeper
yellow and dark brown being the colors. Any
preferred color of velvet, satin or sateen may
be used for these pretty articles, and spangles
or beads may be sewed on the wings.

The holder for clippings is made of two
heavy pieces of cardboard nine and a half by
four and a half inches in size. These are laid
side by side lengthwise and about half an inch
apart, then brown linen pasted over them, the



Lamp or Gas Shade

half inches long. Any number may be put in
a cluster and the colors selected should match
the other bureau furnishings. Odd bits of silk
or satin too small for any other use will come
in handy for their manufacture.

Finally there is the whisk-broom Dinah,
evolved from old black stockings, bits of lawn

are sure to receive
much handling.

The dainty little
hanging pincushion
is a kind of superior
development of the
strawberry cushion
of old times. The
one shown is made
of figured Dresden
ribbon, pink and
white in color, with
the caps and stems
of the berries made
of crimson satin rib-
bon. The little ber-
ries are stuffed with
sachet-scented cot-
ton, and different
colored pins are put
in each—the ones
pictured being white,
light blue and crys-
tal. Of the berries
pictured one meas-
ures three inches in
length, and two are



For Fancy Pins

and gingham mounted on a cheap whisk
broom, the handle of which is wrapped with
strips of raw cotton to make it of the proper
size and shape then the black stocking sewed
over it and the nose and mouth outlined with
sewing silk. Bead teeth may be sewed on and
the eyes are made of white buttons with a
black bead sewed in the center. The doll by
no means impairs the usefulness of the whisk
so that the little article can do double duty as
a plaything for Baby and a brusher for the
older folks. An old white stocking and suit-
able dressing will make a white maid in frilly
cap and apron.

As whisk brooms may be obtained in several
sizes—some of them being very small—an as-
sorted set of these

funny little dolls can
be made for sale at the
holiday bazaar, some
of them being white
with little artificial
curls sewed inside their
sunbonnets or caps,
others black like the
pictured one, and oth-
ers still made of tan
stockings and dressed
like Indian maidens or
Chinese ladies; the
former having blank-
ets, feathers in their
hair and wee papooses
strapped to their backs,
and the latter with
long queue dangles
from their heads, and
fans in their hands. The
dolls always sell well,
no matter how dressed,
and as their cost to
the maker is only the
price of the whisk
broom, whatever they
bring in is pure gain,
whether they be sold
for charity or for per-
sonal benefit.



A Whisk-Broom Doll

VELLASTIC

Ribbed Fleece Underwear

VELLASTIC is highly elastic. That accounts for the comfort of its smooth easy fit. Its velvety fleece is gratefully warm. VELLASTIC gives better protection against the cold than many of the heavier underwears.

It is wonderfully durable because the peculiar weave of its ribbed fabric won't allow the inner fleece to wash out, knot or mat.

For the Whole Family.

VELLASTIC is made in separate and union garments for Men, Women and Children at 50c and up. At your dealers. Look for the Bodygard shield. It is your safeguard. Write for Bodygard Underwear Book No. 3.

UTICA KNITTING CO., UTICA, N. Y.

Makers of Bodygard Underwears—including Lambsdown, Twolayr and Springtex.

This beautiful de-
signed 8x12 wood
Picture Frame

FREE

given with each order for
our 1910 Superior

Burnt Wood \$2

OUTFIT, Prepaid

Dealers charge \$3.50 for the outfit
alone. We send an unusually
high-grade platinum point,
imported red rubber bulb and
2-ft. tubing, metal union-stop-
per, benzine bottle, nickel cap
spirit lamp, cork handle, bottle
of art glass—packed in a beauti-
fully designed large wood box
ready to burn, with a 25c in-
struction book, 3 practice pieces,
and a folio of 2000 original and
novel designs suitable for pyro-
graphic decoration.

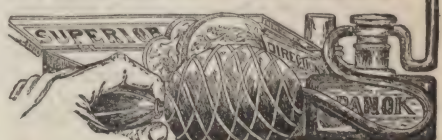
**Satisfaction Guaranteed
or Money Refunded**

Pyrography is an art of
everlasting beauty.
Pretty gifts are made
at little expense; you
can make big profits
making and selling
burnt wood pieces made in spare time.

FREE

Send for
our new free book
illustrating over 2000
artistic designs, our
outfits and supplies.
We save you 50%. Special designs to order.

F. F. RICK & CO., Mfrs.
510 Main Street BUFFALO, N. Y.



BRASS CRAFT

OUTFIT FREE

We give away a Com-
plete Outfit

Mallet, Modeling Tool, Coloring Powder, Steel Wool and pol-
ish to everyone sending us 25c for a handsome Brass
Craft Calendar (worth \$1 when decorated). Calendar is Brass
with stamped design and spun on 4 1/2 in. Basswood Panel.
Includes Pad and all materials—sent prepaid.
Ask for Catalog H-10—illustrating hundreds of Brass Craft
Articles—ready to decorate. Big returns in pleasure and
profit. Write today.

THAYER & CHANDLER,
737-739 W. Jackson Bld., Chicago.

FREE IF YOU EMBROIDER

Largest, most complete and up-to-date
catalog of its kind ever published. Over
1200 illustrations. Shows our unequalled line of Eyelet, Walla-
chian, Tinted and Silk Embroidery Designs, Stamped Linens, Pil-
low Tops, Baitenberg, Braids, Perforated Patterns and Stamping
Outfits. Also large, varied assortment of Hemstitched Linens,
Damask Table Cloths, Napkins, Towels, Handkerchiefs, Novelties,
Needlework Supplies, etc. Don't miss this FREE Offer. Send
postal today and ask for Catalog 10. It will save you money.

FRED HERRSCHNER, 6453 Marshfield Ave., Chicago, Ill.

CLASS PINS

**AND BADGES FOR COLLEGE,
SCHOOL, SOCIETY OR LODGE.**

Either style with any three letters and
figures, one or two colors of enamel,
Sterling Silver, 25c each, \$2.50 doz.;
Silver Plated, 10c each, \$1.00 doz. Send for free
Catalog. Special designs also made for any School or
Society, at attractive prices. Send idea for estimate.

BASTIAN CROS. CO., Dept. 501 ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Embroider Your Christmas Gifts



The Modern Priscilla

A Fancy-Work Magazine

The only high-grade monthly magazine in America that specializes in Fancy Work. No matter what your particular fad is—Art Needlework, Painting, Brass Work, Pyrography, Basketry, Stencilling or what not—you will find more space devoted to it in *The Modern Priscilla* from month to month than in any other magazine published.

And besides all this, such regular departments as "Fashions of the Day," "Hostess and Guest," "Dressing Table Hints," "Mother and Child," "Practical Recipes," and "Helps for Housekeepers," add general interest.

Special Features in November Priscilla A really notable series of articles by a writer of national reputation—Mrs. Christine Terhune Herriek—will begin in this number under the following titles: "The Companionship of our Children"; "The Mother-in-Law's Place in the Home"; "The Man in the House, His rights and privileges"; "The Sort of Old Lady I Want to Be"; "How Do You Keep Your Children's Confidence?"; "What Sort of Husbands and Wives Do Our Sons and Daughters Want?" This number will also contain the third article of an authoritative series on *Home Decoration*, by Lillian Barton Wilson, the third article of a never before equalled series of practical lessons on *Embroidery Stitches*, by Mrs. Archibald H. Christie, an English authority, and the opening chapters of a strong serial story by a popular American author. Subscription price of *The Modern Priscilla*, 75c per year, 40c for six months. In Canada, add 25c per year.

If You Subscribe Now

or before December 1st, 1910, for one year, your subscription will be extended to January, 1912, making fourteen months in all, and in addition we will send you free of charge our big new 700-design Fancy-Work Catalogue, just out. Price of catalogue alone, 10 cents.

Special Apron Offer

For \$1.00 We will enter your subscription for *The Modern Priscilla* for a full year (fourteen months if your order is received before Dec. 1910) and will send you besides, the apron shown above, stamped on fine Persian Lawn, with five skeins of cotton for working, and our new catalog. In Canada add 25c to above offer. Price of apron alone, stamped on fine Persian Lawn, 50c. Cotton for working, 12c extra. Val. lace edging and binding (3 yards each), 50c extra.



Special Stencil Offer

For those who enjoy stencilling rather than needlework, we make the following special offer: A full year's subscription for *The Modern Priscilla* (fourteen months if your order is received before December 1, 1910) and six special, original 6 x 9 inch stencils, the one shown here and five others just as attractive—all **For \$1.00** In Canada add 25c to above offer. Special price of six stencils alone, 50c. Our new Fancy-Work Catalogue, given free with this offer, contains nearly 200 Stencil Designs.

Copy of *The Priscilla* (current issue) sent for 10 cents. **THE MODERN PRISCILLA** 85 G Broad Street, Boston, Mass.

DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC HAIR BRUSH



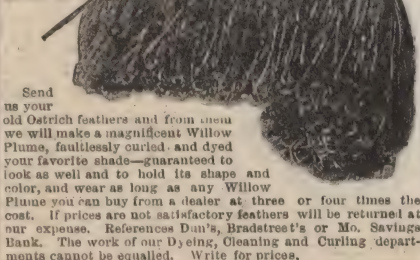
Saves Your Hair and Makes It Beautiful

Prevents dandruff—cause of falling hair and baldness. Invigorates the scalp, promoting a heavy growth of rich, glossy hair. Its gentle electric current always relieves headache or neuralgia. Send \$1.00 and receive the brush postpaid. Try it 30 days. If it is not as we represent return it and get your money. Write for our Book on Brushes and Specialties. Est. 1873. Canvassing Agents Wanted

Dr. GEO. A. SCOTT, 870 Broadway, New York

Stern's Make Willow Ostrich Plumes

From Your Old Feathers Write for Prices



Send us your old Ostrich feathers and from them we will make a magnificent Willow Plume, faultlessly curled and dyed your favorite shade—guaranteed to look as well and to hold its shape and color, and wear as long as any Willow Plume you can buy from a dealer at these or four times the cost. If prices are not satisfactory feathers will be returned at our expense. References Dun's, Bradstreet's or Mo. Savings Bank. The work of our Dyeing, Cleaning and Curling departments cannot be equalled. Write for prices.

H. S. Stern Ostrich Feather Co. 307 Altman Building, Kansas City, Mo.

KNITTED NOVELTIES

By Cynthia Kauffman



Ladies' Kimono

Ladies' Kimono

MATERIALS required: 3 skeins Eidersil; 3-4 box Bear Brand Shetland Floss; 1 pair-amber knitting needles No. 6; 1 amber crochet hook No. 5.

With Eidersil, cast on 43 stitches for lower edge of yoke back. Knit in garter stitch for 4 rows, bind off 4 stitches at each end, then knit until piece measures 7 1/2 inches.

First shoulder row: Knit 12 and run off on cord; knit and bind 11 for back of neck, and on remaining 12 stitches knit in garter stitch, increasing 1 stitch at neck end of every second row, until there are 30 stitches on needle. Knit without increasing until work, from first shoulder row down, measures 7 inches. End last row at outer or armhole edge, and cast on 4 stitches, for front portion of under-arm section. On the 34 stitches now on needle knit 4 rows, bind off.

Take stitches from cord onto needles and on them knit second front, repeating directions from beginning of second shoulder row. Take care that increasings are made at neck end of needle, and under-arm stitches cast on at outer edge, or fronts will not be opposites.

With floss pick up stitches across back. K 1 and p 1 across row. When finished be sure stitches on needle may be evenly divided by 3, even if necessary to increase stitch or two.

First row of pattern: K 3, over twice, repeat to end of row.

Second row: K 3, * over twice, k 2 tog (letting the over twice of the preceding row drop in one long loop), k 2, repeat from * to end.

Repeat second row until garment measures 25 inches, then knit 2 rows in garter stitch and bind off.

Pick up stitches on each front and on them knit like back for same length, then bind off.

Pick up stitches around arm-hole. First row: K 1 in each stitch excepting for 5 inches around top of armhole, where k 1, p 1, and k 1, p 1, k 1, in alternate stitches. Work in pattern until sleeve is 11 inches long on inside seam, and bind off. Knit second sleeve like first.

Sew up seams of sleeves and under-arm seams, then with Shetland crochet a scallop all around, as follows: Make 1 s. c. in some stitch on edge, skip enough stitches on edge to keep work flat, * 2 treble crochet in next. Ch. 3, catch in top of last treble crochet for a picot, and repeat from * until there are 10 treble crochet in scallop. Do not make picot after last treble. Instead skip same number of stitches as before, then make 1 s. c.

Kimono Jacket for Four-Year old Child

Materials required: 5 skeins Bear Brand Saxony yarn, 3-fold, and 4 skeins' in contrasting color; 2 pairs steel knitting needles No. 14; 1 coarse steel crochet hook.

Cast on 108 stitches and on them knit 100 rows (50 ribs), narrowing 1 stitch on each end of every eighth row. In last row there will be 84 stitches. The portion knit is for lower part of back.

Pass first 42 stitches on to a cord, leaving 42 stitches on needle, for half the back. At end of row cast on 70 stitches, making 112 stitches in all on needle. These added stitches are for first sleeve.

First sleeve row: Turn, k 8, turn, slip 1, k 7. Third row: Turn, k 16, turn, slip 1, k 15.

Continue in this way, when working toward center always knitting 8 stitches more than on preceding row; then turn, slip 1, knit to edge. Do this for 18 rows, then on nineteenth row knit across entire needle, to center of back.

Knit 46 rows (23 ribs) across entire needle, narrowing 1 stitch at center of back in every row that begins there. When 46 rows have been knit, 89 stitches will remain on the needle.

Knit 10 rows without narrowing for top of sleeve and shoulder, then 47 rows more, increasing 1 stitch at center back end in every row that begins there. This is for front of sleeve and neck. Make sleeve gore rows next. Turn, k 72, turn, slip 1, knit to edge.

Third row: Turn, k 64, turn, slip 1, knit to edge. Continue knitting 8 stitches less in each row worked toward center, until no stitches remain at end to be worked. Turn, bind off 70 sts, knit 100 rows, increasing 1 st. at under-arm end of every eighth rib. Bind off.

Pass stitches from cord onto needle and on them knit second front like first.

Use the colored wool. Pick up stitches across bottom of back, and knit 30 rows, increasing 1 stitch in beginning each row. Bind off.

Pick up stitches from lower point of back edge of sleeve, up sleeve, and down same side of back, to lower border. On these knit 30 rows. Increase 1 stitch in beginning each row and at upper point of arm k 3 tog. Do not bind.

With another needle pick up stitches along other side of same sleeve and down front, on them knit 30 rows, then bind off 2 stitches at a time, a stitch from each border, thus joining sleeve and under-arm seam. Sew up mitred corners.

Work a border up each front, each 30 rows wide, in rows that begin at bottom increasing as usual, and decreasing 1 stitch in beginning rows at top.

On each four sides of neck pick up stitches, and knit 30 rows. Bind and turn over. Work s. c. on all edges for strength.



Child's Kimono

This Centerpiece

The New Colonial Art Cloth

FREE

Write For It Today



Design No. 1027 We will send you free and postpaid this large beautiful Stamped and Tinted 22x22-inch Colonial Art Cloth Centerpiece—your choice of five new designs—

American Beauty Roses, Poppies, Carnations, Violets or Daisies

with a diagram lesson showing exactly how to embroider it—if you will send us 30 cents to pay factory cost of 2 1/2 yards Lace and Four Skeins Richardson's Grand Prize Embroidery Silk to trim and embroider the Centerpiece. The Lace is the beautiful and popular Old English Fern, 3 1/4 inches deep, and is worth more than we ask for entire outfit.

This is the Biggest Offer

we ever made. We do it to convince every woman that Richardson's is the best Embroidery Silk. Your money back if not more than satisfied. You get free with the outfit our big new 1910 Premium Art Book, illustrating all the latest things in Embroidery. Write today, enclosing 30 cents, stamps or coin, and state design wanted.

RICHARDSON SILK CO.

Dept. 2145, 220 Adams Street, Chicago, Ill.

Special to Dealers: While the above is a very special offer made direct to the public, dealers should write at once for our offer to them on future orders.



Pattern 1004 E

FREE A Paper Transfer Pattern of this 22-Inch BEAUTIFUL CENTERPIECE

The design is easily transferred to linen by passing a hot iron over the pattern. GIVEN until July 1, 1911, to every embroiderer sending 16 cents for our

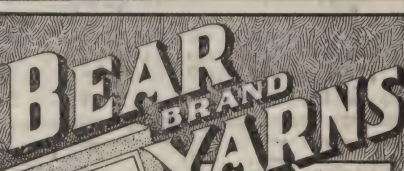
New Embroidery Book for 1911.

This book is entirely new and just off the press. Contains instructions for working above design; over 150 pages of other new designs; hundreds of illustrations; complete instructions for them all; diagrams for beginners.

Colored Plates showing how to embroider popular flowers. Round and Oval Centers. Coronation Braid Designs. Eyelet and Walsellian Designs. Sofa Cushions. Handmade Table and Bureau Sets. Pin Cushions and Jabots. Shirt Waists and Underwear for Embroidery. Dainty Novelties, Etc. Send 16c for book as postage. One Transfer Pattern No. 1004E will be sent you FREE. Ask for Pattern 1004E in your letter. If more than one of this pattern is desired, then price is 6c. each for duplicates. Book will reach you in one envelope and FREE pattern in a separate envelope.

Address: The Brainerd & Armstrong Co., 20 Union St., New London, Conn.

THE NEW EMBROIDERY BOOK



BEAR BRAND YARNS

Ready For You Now

More complete, more fascinating, more handsomely illustrated than ever before.

THE 10th VOLUME

Bear Brand Manual of Handwork

A 200-page book, replete with new ideas and suggestions for those who knit and crochet. Easily understood instructions for the beginner, and a host of new things that will delight the expert.

New Yarns. New Stitches. New Designs. It describes the different kinds of yarns and explains how to use them. It tells you why the Celebrated

BEAR BRAND YARNS

insure the best results in the appearance and durability of your work. If you have not seen the new yarn, Polletty Floss, ask for a sample when you order the 10th Volume BEAR BRAND MANUAL. Sent postpaid, paper binding 25c., cloth binding 50c.

BEAR BRAND YARN MANUFACTURERS Dept. K, 107-113 Grand Street, New York

STANDARD SPECIALS

This \$15.00
COAT
of fine
BROADCLOTH
\$7.50

704 All Lined Coat of Imported German Broadcloth. Has beautiful nap and lustre and comes in a rich, handsome black. Medium weight, full lined throughout with splendid mercerized lining. 55 inches long, charmingly designed with mannish lapel collar and turned-up cuffs. Neat silk braiding relieves the plainness. A stylish, practical, semi-fitted model. Sizes 32 to 44. Excellent value. Special \$7.50. Satisfaction Guaranteed or your money back.

FREE

Write for free yearly subscription to the Standard Style Bulletin.

704
\$7.50

MOIRE WAIST 98c

151 Button-front waist of stylish watered Moire. A serviceable smart waist, tailored with cut front, liberal tucking and open cuffs. Stylish, very durable. Black only. Splendid \$1.50 value. Sizes 32 to 44 bust. Special Price Postpaid, 98c

Women's Guaranteed Hose. \$100 Famous "Standard" Stockings for women. 6 Pair Guaranteed to Wear You 6 Months or new reinforced. Absolutely fast black, fine gauge, seamless and extra elastic. Sizes 9 to 10½. Special price, 6 pair for \$1.00.

ones FREE. Of double twist, long staple cotton yarn or new reinforced. Absolutely fast black, fine gauge, seamless and extra elastic. Sizes 9 to 10½. Special price, 6 pair for \$1.00.

STANDARD MAIL ORDER CO.
245 West 17th Street, New York City



Perfect
Sweeping

with practically no exertion and no fatigue, may be accomplished by going over your floor ONCE with the

NATIONAL Roller Bearing Carpet Sweeper

No matter whether a carpet or rug has long or short nap, the National adjusts itself to it automatically by slight handle pressure, and the genuine Chinese bristle rollers (the kind that never lose their "snap") get every scrap, speck and raveling. Ideal for quick "brushing up" in dining room or sewing room; saves strength for general house cleaning.

Most convenient, because it has individual dump levers and instant brush release. Anti-tipping device prevents spilling.

The rubber tires on the brush rollers insure thorough and constant sweeping—no "skipping;" at the same time the improved roller bearings and perfect construction make the National the easiest running of all sweepers.

Handle cannot split or loosen; special dust pans will not rust. Every appliance for utility and convenience is found in the National Sweeper. Ask your dealer.

Free booklet, "How to Double the Life of Carpets and Rugs," is worth writing for

National Sweeper Co., 87 Warren St., Newark, N. J.

Please Write For The Peerless Hat Book

This Hat
\$4.95

IT'S FREE
Showing a large selection of advanced Peerless Models, the accepted Parisian styles for Fall and Winter Season. All selling at the celebrated Peerless prices—\$2.95, \$3.95 and \$4.95—none higher. Values that will delight; strictly Parisian Models that appear to be far more expensive. Also complete assortments of willow and French Osage Plumes, vines, shapes, ribbons, etc. Your FREE COPY of the "Peerless Hat Book" is awaiting your postal request. Write us to-day where to send it.

The Peerless Milliners, 3003 Wentworth Av. Chicago, U.S.A.

5 Fine POST CARDS FREE

Send only 3c. stamp and receive 5 colored Gold and Embossed Cards FREE, to introduce post card offer.

CAPITAL CARD CO., Dept. 64, Topeka, Kan.

Housewife Patterns for Winter

All HOUSEWIFE patterns are Seam Allowing. All 10 cents each. When ordering give correct size or measurements. THE HOUSEWIFE Pattern Department, 52 Duane Street, New York City.



No. 5101, Boys' Suit No. 5107, Misses' Dress No. 5103, Girls' Dress No. 5053, Children's Dress

BOYS' Suit, No. 5101, with blouse having removable shield and trousers without fly, finished with leg bands or elastics, is in three sizes, two, four and six years, four-year size requiring 2 1/4 yards of 44-inch goods.

Misses' and Small Women's Dress, No. 5107, with side body and sleeve in one and a four-gored skirt, is in three sizes, fourteen, sixteen and eighteen years, the sixteen-year size requiring 6 1/2 yards of 27-inch material.

Girls' Dress, No. 5103, with front yoke and panel in one, is in four sizes, from six to twelve years, the eight-year size requiring 3 yards of 36-inch material.

Children's Dress, No. 5053, with front yoke and skirt panel in one, may have long or short sleeves, and is in three sizes, one, three and five years, the three-year size requiring 2 3/4 yards material measuring 36 inches in width.

Ladies' Semi-Princess Dress, No. 5060, with body and skirt front in one, is in six sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure, the 36-inch bust requiring 5 1/2 yards of 27-inch material with 2 7/8 yards of 27-inch contrasting goods for flounce.

Ladies' Coat, No. 5096, is in twenty-three inch length, and six sizes from 32 to 42 inches bust measure, the 36-inch size requiring 2 1/8 yards of 54-inch material.

Ladies' Waist, No. 5094, with side of body and cap sleeve cut in one and with an underslip, is in six sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure, the 36-inch bust requiring 2 5/8 yards of 24-inch material for waist and 3 yards of 18-inch all-over for underslip.

Ladies' Waist, No. 5110, closes at front and has an underslip. It is in six sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure, the 36-inch size requiring 2 1/8 yards of 36-inch material with 1 3/4



No. 5060, Ladies' Dress No. 5096, Ladies' Coat No. 5094, Ladies' Waist

Fast Brown that is Fast
Brown calico dress-goods are perfectly practical for wash-dresses if you use
Simpson-Eddystone
Fast Hazel Brown Prints
—fast to soap, light and perspiration. Because of their superior quality of cloth and color, and their many beautiful designs, Simpson-Eddystone Prints have been the standard for over 65 years.
Show this advertisement to your dealer when you order, and don't accept substitutes. If not in your dealer's stock write us his name and address. We'll help him supply you.
The Eddystone Mfg. Co., Philadelphia
Established by Wm. Simpson, Sr.

HUB GORE
The comfort of a Romeo or Juliet slipper is made possible by the rubber fabric or panel in the side of the slipper. Hub Gore fabric is guaranteed by the makers for two years from the time they supply the same to the manufacturer.
Let your money buy the best. Demand Hub Gore from your dealer and look for the little "Heart" trade-mark on the inside of both panels.
HUB GORE MAKERS
BOSTON MASS.
HUB GORE A MARK

Look and ask for this Rubber Heel when you buy a pair of shoes. There is no heel like the famous

PNEUMATIC CUSHION RUBBER HEEL.

The only rubber heel with the air cushion that makes a suction with every step, gripping the ground and preventing slipping on smooth surfaces. Besides it is

The Most Comfortable Heel.
Your dealer probably carries shoes fitted with pneumatic cushion rubber heels, if you will ask for them, if not, send us his name and we'll make it easy for you to get them.
PNEUMATIC CUSHION RUBBER HEEL CO.,
19 Lincoln St., Boston, Mass.

\$3.25 Ease Your Feet

IN THE HOUSE, ON THE STREET
THE "PILLOW" SHOE

For Woman's wear brings absolute comfort to TIRED, TENDER FEET; a beautiful hand-turned shoe; no breaking-in required; relief from pet Corns and Bunions; no slippers needed to make the housework easy and yet for out-door wear an IDEAL WALKING SHOE. It is soft, flexible, durable, dressy and stylish. Sole is oak leather. Whole top genuine Vic Kid. NO LINING TO CHAFE YOU. No other shoe like it—Price includes RUBBER HEELS. We guarantee to fit you perfectly. Absolute comfort and satisfaction or money cheerfully refunded. Write for Free Catalog and self-measurement blank. **PILLOW SHOE CO.,** 184 Summer St., Dept. X, Boston, Mass.

Chantecler Cluster \$2.85

Regular \$6.00 Value. Very latest style. Unusually becoming. ordinary shades. **\$2.85**
Special price. **\$2.85**
Coronet Brand—Fine, natural wavy hair, 34 in., 2 1/2 oz., ordinary shades. **\$3.95**
Regular \$7.50 value. **\$3.95**
Special price. **\$3.95**
Wavy Switch—23 in., 1 1/4 oz. Retails for \$4.00. **\$1.95**
Special price. **\$1.95**
Send sample of hair with order. Money back if not satisfactory. **FREE** large illustrated catalog of hair goods bargains and invaluable "Hints on Care of Hair."
MRS. B. NEGROU, Dept. 5911, 182 State St., Chicago



Petticoats

WITH THIS LABEL



Are made by leading petticoat manufacturers from the famous Hydegrade Fabrics. The label guarantees quality, workmanship and durability.

When you buy a petticoat ask your dealer to show you those of Hydegrade Fabrics bearing the Hydegrade label. Then you can make your selection from the season's fashionable fabrics—Mes-salines, Taffetas, Brocades, Sateens, Stripes and Fancies in an all-inclusive variety of colors and shades.

Be sure to see the label. It is your protection against the many inferior imitations offered as made of Hydegrade Fabrics. The only genuine Hydegrade Petticoats bear the label shown above.

A. G. HYDE & SONS.

Makers of Heatherbloom Taffeta
New York, Chicago

SOUTH AFRICAN OSTRICH PLUMES DIRECT TO YOU

\$1.95

FOR THIS 17-INCH FRENCH CURL GENUINE OSTRICH PLUME



Sent on Approval for Free Examination ONLY \$1.95

for this magnificent 17-in. French Curl Ostrich Plume. Made of the highest grade hard fine ostrich selected from male bird. Has a beautiful glossy fibre and is extra wide with heavy drooping French head. Black, white and colors. \$1.95

Extra Offer: 18-inch ostrich plume, same style as above. Black, \$2.28 white and colors, only.

Our \$5.00 Special French Curl Plume is the grandest value you ever saw. Full 19 inches long, has extra wide fibres. Made of rich glossy male ostrich stock, with large heavy French head, is hand curled and dyed by new French process. Will last for 5 years. Black, white and colors, only. \$5.00

Gorgeous Willow Plume Full 20-in. long, 18-in. wide double-knotted, hand tied and extra wide. Made of the finest selected male stock. Black or white. \$9.50

Let us send you on approval one or more of these Plumes. Just send us 15 cents to cover express charges and we will send to your Express Office, C. O. D., with privilege of free examination. If you find it the most wonderful bargain you ever saw, worth fully double, pay express agent. If not, tell agent to return to us and we will promptly refund your 15c; or send the full purchase price and we will forward same by return express, all charges prepaid, and if not entirely satisfactory, we will promptly refund all money paid us. We take all the risk and you are nothing out if we fail to please you. Our souvenir catalogue showing complete line of ostrich plumes, willows and aigrettes sent free on request.

South African Importing Co., 1841 WABASH AVE. Dept. 34 CHICAGO THE OSTRICH PLUME HOUSE OF AMERICA

The Genuine DOMESTIC Now \$2 A MONTH



You can place the latest model, genuine Domestic, the recognized queen of all sewing machines, in your home, use it continually while paying \$2 a month, and enjoy a very special price direct to you from the factory. A magnificent machine—a stupendous offer.

We Will Take Your Old Machine If you wish, we will make a liberal allowance on a splendid new Domestic. And you can still take advantage of the special price and easy terms.

DOMESTIC

The perfect sewing machine that has always led all other makes and is today better than ever. Two machines in one—lock stitch and chain stitch. Straight or op-head, high arm, ball bearing. A complete set of attachments—every one practical, etc., made for every-day use. The Domestic is a revolution of modern sewing machine progress. Find out about it.

SEND FOR BOOK, FREE, "The Truth About Sewing Machines," telling you how you can have the finest sewing machine made at a Special Low Price and at ONLY \$2 A MONTH. Learn why we sell direct and give you a 35 YEAR GUARANTEE. Get the facts before you buy any machine. This Free Literature will save you money. Send for it NOW. Domestic Sewing Machine Company, 48 Jackson Blvd., Dept. 2605 Chicago.



No. 5110, Ladies' Waist and No. 5048, Ladies' Waist and No. 5090, Ladies' Waist
No. 5128, Ladies' Six-Gored Skirt No. 5024, Ladies' Five-Gored Skirt and No. 5120, Ladies' Seven-Gored Skirt

yards of 18-inch all-over. Ladies' Six-Gored Trotteur Skirt, No. 5128, closes at left of front, and is in six sizes, 22 to 32 inches waist measure. The 24-inch waist requires 4 3/8 yards of 36-inch material.

Ladies' Waist, No. 5048, has no shoulder seams and closes at back. It is in six sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure; the 36-inch bust requires 1 5/8 yards of 36-inch material. Ladies' Five-Gored Skirt, No. 5024, is in short sweep length, and may be made with or without the trimming fold. It is in five sizes, 22 to 30 inches waist measure, the 24-inch waist requiring with fold 6 5/8 yards of 36-inch material.

Ladies' Waist, No. 5090, with a yoke facing, is in six sizes 32 to 42 inches bust, the 36-inch bust requiring 2 yards 36-inch material with 1/2 yard of 18-inch tucking. Ladies' Seven-Gored Skirt, No. 5120, is in six sizes, 22 to 32

inches waist measure, the 24-inch waist requiring 5 yards of 36-inch material.

Ladies' Semi-Fitted Coat, No. 5104, is in thirty-six-inch length and seven sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure. The 36-inch bust requires 4 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. Ladies' Three-piece Skirt, No. 5092, has an under box-plait at back, and is in six sizes, 22 to 32 inches waist measure, the 24-inch waist requiring 4 yards of 36-inch material.

Ladies' Waist, No. 5098, is in six sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure, the 36-bust requiring 2 5/8 yards of 36-inch material with 3/4 yard of 18-inch all-over. Ladies' Five-Gored Skirt, No. 5100, is in six sizes, 22 to 32 inches waist measure.

Ladies' Waist, No. 5121, is in six sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust. Ladies' Eight-Gored Skirt, No. 5116, is in six sizes, 22 to 32 inches waist measure.



No. 5104, Ladies' Semi-Fitted Coat No. 5098, Ladies' Waist No. 5121, Ladies' Waist
and No. 5092, Ladies' Three-Piece Skirt and No. 5100, Ladies' Five-Gored Skirt and No. 5116, Ladies' Eight-Gored Skirt

A Store in a Book



The WANAMAKER Catalog

is a Store in Itself

WITH it you "shop at Wanamaker's" just as though your residence were in New York. Sit in your easy chair, compare the latest Paris and New York styles and prices—then send in a trial order. We will see that you get exactly what you want. Goods must be satisfactory, or we want them back.

Tailored Waist of Cotton Shepherd Check



Both the style and material recommend it as a most desirable Winter selection. Gibson plaits appear over each shoulder. Chic side closing is trimmed with a narrow band of taffeta and taffeta-covered buttons, in a choice of black, red or green. The long sleeves are finished with deep buttoned cuffs. Plain back; laundered collar provided. Sizes 34 to 44 bust measure. Very special value.

Order By Number, 110 K 33
PRICE, \$1.00
Postage Prepaid

Ask for our New York Fall and Winter Catalog—just write, "Send Free Catalog No. 34."

It will come promptly, and our Christmas Catalog will follow about December first.

JOHN WANAMAKER, New York

Free Offer

We will send to any woman free upon request, a full size package of "DY-O-LA" DYE—any color you ask for. We want every reader of this magazine to prove for herself that any one "DY-O-LA" DYE will dye perfectly all kinds of fabrics—silk, wool, cotton or mixed goods. Hence, our liberal offer. Try

DY-O-LA DYES

"One Dye for All Goods"

Skilled chemists produce "Dy-o-la" Dyes in 16 colors. Old style dyes require a separate dye for each kind of goods. That makes trouble, for if you don't get the right dye, your goods are spoiled. You can't make a mistake with "Dy-o-la" Dyes. One "Dy-o-la" Dye always gives perfect results with silk, cotton, wool or mixed goods. Our FREE Sample full size package (any color you want), will prove that "Dy-o-la" will do just what we claim for it.

Use "Dy-o-la"—the modern dye.

Included with the FREE full size package is the "Dy-o-la" book of directions, showing how to dye any goods any color or shade with "Dy-o-la." Send for it now.

THE JOHNSON-RICHARDSON CO., Ltd.
137 Pearl Street, Burlington, Vt.

Dupionné Silk

25 cents per Yard

The Greatest Value Ever Offered

A beautiful new silk fabric. In all shades for afternoon and evening dresses. At all wash goods departments.

Look for the Name on the Wrapper

If your dealer cannot supply you, write us for information as to where it may be purchased
Burton Brothers & Co. New York

Old Feathers Made New

By Willowing or Adding New Tops.

Oldest and best known firm in America Dyeing, Cleansing and Curling Ostrich Feathers exclusively. Send us your Feathers no matter where you may be, and we will advise you what can be done with them and the cost. Goods returned free of charge, if no order is given.

H. Methot Ostrich Feather Co., 53-A Temple Place, Boston, Mass.



The Housewives' Circle

A Department Open to All who have Learned by Personal Test Some Method of Value in Home Making

Items accepted for this department will be paid for hereafter at regular rates. Those unavailable will be returned if accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope, otherwise they will be destroyed. Space is valuable in THE HOUSEWIFE so items must be brief but clearly expressed, and clippings, copied matter, cookery recipes, fancywork directions and medical advice cannot be used. Penmanship and literary style will not count as much as practical common-sense shown in really helpful contributions. Items for this department must not be enclosed with any other communications, and must be addressed to The Housewives' Circle, THE HOUSEWIFE, 52 DUANE STREET, NEW YORK

A Rubber Glove Hint



Take soap and cover your gloves well with lather before trying to put on your rubber gloves and see how easy they will slip on. I had almost discarded my gloves until I tried this plan, they were so hard to get on.

W. T. H., of Kentucky.

Three Cookery Hints

Run cod-fish through the food chopper and save time, you can grind through a boxfull in a short time, also home dried beef is excellent fixed in this way.

When you have mashed potatoes try putting in finely sliced onion, pepper, salt, milk and butter in a part of it.

Butter large crackers and lay a slice of cheese on each one and salt them then put in the oven until brown. MRS. F. D. P., of New York.

For Washing Day

When washing colored stockings put a little vinegar in the rinsing water. It will keep the colored stockings from fading and make the black ones retain their original lustre.

A nice gloss for collars and shirt fronts can be made by dissolving five cents' worth of gum Arabic in a pint of hot water. When cool put in a bottle and keep well corked. Add one teaspoonful to every pint of starch. Before using add three drops of turpentine.

M. C., of Massachusetts.

An Easy Way to Wash a Heavy Comfortable

Examine the comfortable very carefully and if you find soiled spots soap them and scrub with a small brush. Hang the comfortable on a strong line in the yard, and turn the garden hose on. When one side is washed turn and wash the other. The water forces its way through cotton and covering, making the comfortable as light and fluffy as when new. Squeeze the corners and ends as dry as possible.

E. G., of Pennsylvania.

Drawing Strings of Corset Lacing

In finishing off an undershirt, I have found that a corset string makes an excellent draw-string for the top of the skirt. Make a narrow casing by turning and stitching down a quarter of an inch of top of skirt. Cut little holes through the casing, one on each side of center of back about six or eight inches apart; then with one end of the string pinned over a wire hairpin or a clasped safety-pin, draw the string into the casing, having the ends pass each other and out through the little holes you have made for them. Draw up the string and tie in front or on one side. Sew through the string in center of front and it will not slip out of place.

C. M., of Nebraska.

For the Home Dressmaker

Please allow me to suggest a few helps for the home dressmaker.

If you have difficulty in getting the plaits or tucks alike on the opposite sides of your shirt-waist, lay the two sides together evenly, then stitch on the sewing machine, with the needle unthreaded, where the plaits are wanted. Afterward fold, with the line of perforation left by the needle at the edge of the plaits and baste, this saves the constant measuring and comparing sides.

When you wish to gather the sleeves at top and bottom, tighten the machine tension until the upper thread lies straight on the goods and stitch where the gathers should be. By drawing up the straight thread the goods will be gathered much more smoothly than if sewed by hand and as it will not slip easily, can often be sewed in place without the trouble of basting.

When making a number of similar garments for a child, cut them all out before you begin sewing, and thus avoid repeated delays from mislaid patterns and forgotten measurements and alterations. Roll up each garment separately and when you are ready for sewing you will have everything at hand.

F. L. S., of California.

When Washing Windows

Nothing adds more to the attractiveness of a home than to have the glass, whether it be in windows, on pictures or book cases, in a brilliant condition and without a speck. When washing glass I use half a pail of hot water to which has been added a tablespoonful of kerosene, and let it partly dry itself. Then I dry and shine with a soft cloth. The small quantity of kerosene gives it an added brilliancy and the slight odor that clings to the glass tends to discourage flies and insects of any nature.

M. B. G., of Wisconsin.

A New Use for Lace Braid.

In making underclothes or any other garments where a finishing braid or tape is required, you will find it much cheaper to buy the braid used in making Battenberg lace, instead of the ordinary featherstitch braids. A bolt of thirty-six yards of the former will cost twenty-five cents, and look equally as neat and give as good service, as the latter which costs ten cents for six yards.

G. H. F., of Wisconsin.

Helps from Minnesota

When the children make scrap books give them plenty of blotters instead of rags as they absorb the paste better and press the work on smoothly leaving no dirty marks. If you cannot get enough advertising blotters go to your printers and buy the large sheets and cut the size you want. They do not cost much, five or ten cents' worth will last a long time as when dry they may be used again. While you are there get a nickel's worth of gummed paper and label your fruit jars, mending torn pages, labeling cans on pantry shelves containing spices, coffee, rice, beans, etc., that are not in original package. They are easily found if you send the children after something.

J. V. M., of Minn.

A Wash Cloth for the Guest Room

Take the good parts of worn Turkish towels, cut cloths the desired size and stitch close to the edge on the machine. Then crochet an edge, catching the crochet hook below the stitching to prevent fraying. Use a soft crochet cotton and you have a very pretty and substantial wash cloth. B. F. D., of Wyoming.

The Horse-Blanket Safety Pins



When Baby is big enough to creep about when he wakes from his nap, and so is apt to fall off the bed, it is such a help to his mother to have a large safety

pin such as can be bought at harness stores, and which is used to pin horse blankets, with which to pin the little one's night gown or dress to the bed quilt. Try it and save the baby a tumble. E. J. T., of Minnesota.

Four Fine Little Items from Ohio

To make ironing less tiresome.—Take a rug or piece of carpet and fold it twice thus making a pad to stand upon. Try this and see how much less tired your feet become after ironing a few hours.

To save stockings.—Before wearing a pair of stockings, I rub paraffine wax well in the heels and toes of the stockings both inside and out. To do this, hold the cake of wax over the fire until it becomes soft then rub it on the stocking. If the stockings are washed at home, once treating them with the wax will last several weeks. Repeat as needed. I have found this a splendid stocking saver and many of my friends agree with me. I wore two pair of stockings thus treated (and they were fifteen cent hose) from September until July without darning them.

To press clothing without leaving the imprint of the iron.—Instead of using water alone to wet the pressing cloth in, use warm water containing a little white soap.

An interesting quilt.—Have blocks of cloth the size of a brick cut from two contrasting colors which will wash well, say green and white muslin. Give one to each of your friends asking them to write their name on it to be outlined with embroidery floss, the white blocks having the green floss and vice versa. I have also asked my friends to place their birthday date in one corner. I then put the blocks together, alternating colors and in order as to dates. For a shut-in or when one is sick such a coverlet gives much to think about.

Miss M. M. M. M., of Ohio.

Winter Morning Glories.

I wonder if any of you have tried raising morning glories in the house in Winter and know how pretty they are. Last Fall, just as an experiment, we put five or six morning-glory seeds in a small flower pot (one just a nice size for the table) and when they came up made a small rack for them, and with a little care in watering, and twining them around the rack we soon had a very pretty little plant, as there would be from one to five blossoms on it every morning and they did look so bright and cheerful on the breakfast table on a cold Winter's morning and when the sun was not too bright would sometimes stay out all day.

E. M. G., of New York.



The Greatest FURNITURE BOOK Ever Published



Just a small remittance each month—whatever you can conveniently spare—and the beautiful home furnishings you select are easily paid for. Goods are promptly shipped and you may take from 10 to 30 months in which to pay for them. It's the most liberal and the most convenient credit service given by any home furnishing concern on the American continent. We charge absolutely nothing for this credit—no interest—no extras of any kind.

CATALOG No. 88 FREE

Our Big New Catalog tells all about this most worthy plan of monthly payments. Write for the catalog and learn how easy we'll make it for you—no matter what your income may be—to have everything you want for your home. This great catalog is beautifully illustrated, a considerable portion of it being reproduced in colors. It quotes factory prices on Furniture, Stoves, Carpets, Rugs, Pianos, Refrigerators, Go-Carts, Silverware, Sewing Machines, Crockery, Clocks, etc., etc. Write for it.

\$1 brings this entire outfit to your home.

A YEAR TO PAY

9.65—BED, SPRINGS & MATTRESS

MASSIVE BED, any color of enamel or in gold bronze finish; 6 broad decorated panels; any width; fitted complete with splendid cotton top mattress and best woven wire springs with spiral spring supports. Three articles at the price of one. BIG BARGAIN. Terms \$1. cash, 50 cents monthly.

HARTMAN FURNITURE & CARPET CO.

Dept. 1-3 223 to 229 Wabash Ave., Chicago, U. S. A.

Largest, oldest and best known home furnishing concern in America—established 1855—55 years of experience—55 years of success—22 great stores throughout the United States—over 2,000,000 homes furnished—over 700,000 customers today—capital and surplus larger than that of any similar concern in America.

Get the Book

PRIZE CONTEST

FOR MEN AND WOMEN WHO LOVE TO DRAW



This cartoon was drawn by "Zim," the world's most famous cartoonist of "Judge." Can you make a copy of it? Try and see how easy it can be done. Draw this cartoon NOW, with either pen and ink or pencil, making it twice the size shown, and send it to us today, stating your age, occupation and if you have ever won a prize in our Contests.

COPY ME AND WIN A PRIZE

Our Board of Art Directors will carefully examine your sketch and if it is 60 per cent. as good as the original you will receive as a prize "The Home Educator" for 3 months. If you do not hear from us in ten days, your drawing was rejected.

IT COSTS YOU NOTHING

"The Home Educator" is a very inspiring magazine for both men and women, it is fully illustrated by world-famous illustrators. There is positively no money consideration connected with this Prize Contest. Neither can you buy or subscribe for this magazine—it is awarded only to prize winners in our Contests. Copy this cartoon NOW and mail it to us this very day.

Correspondence Institute of America, Dept. 78 Scranton, Pa.

\$50 to \$100 a WEEK

THEY'RE MAKING IT AND TELL YOU HOW. HARD FACTS THAT MAKE YOU THINK. A NEW THING THAT'S MAKING PEOPLE RICH.



\$8.50

Constant terrific suction gets all dirt and dust from carpets, rugs, etc. No more sweeping or dusting. No more house cleaning. Costs nothing for repairs. Saves time, labor, money. Saves health. Saves taking up and beating carpets. The New Home Vacuum Cleaner is truly a wonder. Astonishes everybody. Customers all delighted and praise it. They wonder how they ever did without it. Mrs. F. Goodell, Ind., writes: "Home Vacuum Cleaner is certainly a wonder. Does away with the drudgery of sweeping and dusting. I am so pleased that I can't give it justice." F. R. Sears, Ohio, "Home Vacuum Cleaner is a little giant. My next door neighbor has one that cost \$25. They say they would rather have the Home." Chandler & Rich, N. Y., "Find you did not overestimate Home Vacuum Cleaner. Did not praise them enough." Henry Rubin, N. Y., "Home Vacuum Cleaner brightens the carpets. Its the grandest machine ever invented for the home." To try the Home Vacuum Cleaner means to want it, then to keep it. Takes every family by storm. Women have watched, wished, longed for it. No wonder it's a live wire. A powerful double action suction cleaner for \$8.50. Not sold in stores. Sell out of 10 families. Send postal today for agency. Full description. Free sample. Address, R. Armstrong Mfg. Co., 1201 Alms Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Big Value Magazine Combination Offers

Excellent Reading Matter at Money Saving Prices

The prices given below are for one year's subscription.

The Housewife } 50c.
Farm World }

The Housewife } \$1.10
Thrice-a-Week World }

The Housewife } \$1.10
The Tribune Farmer }

Remit by P. O. Money Order or Registered Letter and address all orders to

The Housewife, 52 Duane St., New York



FREE!

Mary T. Goldman's Gray Hair Restorer

restores original color in mild, healthful manner in from 7 to 14 days. Entirely different from anything else. Its effect is permanent. Does not wash off nor look unnatural. Has no sediment, so it's neither sticky nor greasy—it's as pure and clear as water. Don't experiment—use what thousands of others have found safe and satisfactory. Sample and comb absolutely free. Be sure to mention original color of your hair. MARY T. GOLDMAN, Goldman Building, St. Paul, Minn. (17)

Work at Home

Weaving Rugs and Carpet NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED

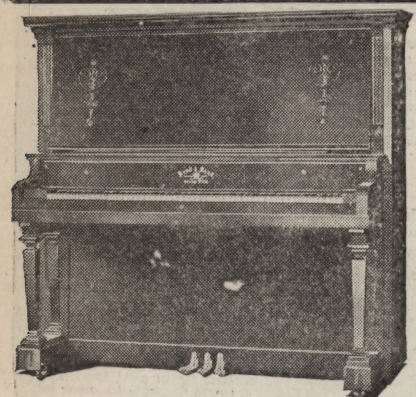
\$4 a Day

Easily Made



We start men and women in a profitable business on a small investment. Write quick for prices and Loom Book. REED MFG. CO. Box G, Springfield, Ohio

WAR on the Piano Trust!



Middlemen's High Profits ABOLISHED!

We have delivered a crushing blow at Piano Trust Methods by offering the world-famous Reed & Sons Pianos direct to the people on free trial, at factory prices, on credit.

This is the first time in the history of the piano business that it has been possible to buy a high grade 25-year guaranteed instrument without paying a "pyramid of profits" to jobbers, dealers and agents, on top of the factory price.

Piano-Selling Methods REVOLUTIONIZED!

For many years we sold our entire factory output through "the trade." The dealers waxed fat on the extra profits they added to our net prices. Realizing that this antiquated system is fundamentally wrong, we have canceled all contracts with Dealers, called in all our Salesmen, and are now giving the public the benefit of the extraordinarily low prices and easy terms our dealers have heretofore enjoyed.

Reed & Sons Pianos

Winners of Highest Award at World's Columbian Exposition

Shipped Free—No Money Down

We ship any piano you select from our many magnificent styles direct to you, for 30 days' free trial. Reed & Sons Pianos captured the Grand Prize, Highest Award, at the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago, in competition with the entire world. Think what this means! Why not have the piano that stands highest in quality, when the cost is actually less than an ordinary piano? You save from \$128 to \$222 by buying direct from the maker. No cash deposit required.

If Not Delighted With the Piano, Return at Our Expense!

This is a wide-open, free and unlimited offer. You pay nothing and risk nothing to get the Reed & Sons Piano on trial. If after a month you do not consider it the biggest piano value ever offered, ship it back at our expense.

20 Cents a Day!

No Interest! No Security! No Collectors!

Our terms are so easy that you can buy the piano without missing the little payments of 20 cents a day. Take two or three years' time if you wish. We charge no interest. We ask no security. No collectors to annoy you.

25-Year Guarantee Backed by Over \$1,575,000

This guarantee, backed by our entire capital, surplus and resources of \$1,575,000, is the strongest, longest, most binding guarantee ever issued by a piano manufacturer of our financial responsibility. Two of Chicago's greatest banks endorse this company.

Write for Special Proposition and GRAND CATALOG FREE!

Whether you live near Chicago or a thousand miles away, write at once for the most beautiful Piano Catalog ever published, in which the full line of Reed & Sons Pianos, including our new Self-Playing Pianos, are shown in actual colors. Learn all about the "Pyramid of Profits" which you pay when you buy from a dealer or agent.

Get our startling wholesale price offers; our liberal easy terms and great absolutely free trial proposition.

Prompt action saves hundreds of dollars—send today. Address
REED & SONS PIANO CO. (3)
Dept. 1 235 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS 200% PROFIT

Handy, Automatic HAME FASTENER
Do away with old ham strap. Horse owners and teamsters wild about them. Fasten instantly with gloves on. Outwear the harness. Money back if not satisfactory. Write today for confidential terms to agents.
F. Thomas Mfg. Co., 784 Wayne St., Dayton, Ohio

Get our startling wholesale price offers; our liberal easy terms and great absolutely free trial proposition.

25 COLORED U. S. VIEW POST CARDS. All different. No trash.
Our great EXCHANGE CLUB offer free. Receive Cards from all over the world. Send today.
IDEAL CO., DEPT. 21 DORCHESTER, MASS.

AGENTS earn \$25 to \$50 weekly selling latest styles BEAUTIFUL BRAIDED EMBROIDERY waists and princess dresses, Mexican drawn work, art linens, various embroideries. Catalogue free. **NATIONAL IMPORTING CO. DESK 8, 699 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.**

Christmas Post Cards Free

Send me two 2c stamps and I'll send you 10 beautiful Christmas Cards and tell you about my big SURPRISE.
E. T. MEREDITH, 111 Success Bldg., Des Moines, Iowa

BOY'S ALL-WOOL SWEATER

Given with The Housewife for One Year for \$2.00, or Given Free for a Club of Eleven yearly Subscribers at 35 cents each, or Twenty-two at 25 cents each, or Eleven Subscribers at 25 cents each with 65 cents extra in cash. Price, without Subscriptions, \$1.75 each, postpaid.



Premium No. 1110

Mention sizes when ordering. It is sent postpaid. Remit by P. O. Money Order or Registered Letter
The Housewife, 52 Duane Street, New York

Anne of Avonlea.

Continued from page 22

CHAPTER XII.

A JONAH DAY

It began the night before a grumbling tooth-ache. When Anne arose in the dull, bitter Winter morning she felt that life was flat, stale, and unprofitable.

She went to school in no angelic mood. Her cheek was swollen and her face ached. The schoolroom was cold and smoky, the fire refused to burn and the children were huddled about it. Anne sent them to their seats with a sharper tone than she had ever before used. Anthony Pye strutted to his with his impertinent swagger and she saw him whisper something to his seat-mate and then glance at her with a grin.

Never had there been, so many squeaky pencils as there were that morning; and when Barbara Shaw came up to the desk with a sum she tripped over the coal scuttle. The coal rolled to every part of the room, her slate was broken into fragments, and when she picked herself up, her face stained with coal dust, sent the boys into roars of laughter.

Anne turned from the second reader class which she was hearing.

"Really, Barbara," she said icily, "if you cannot move without falling over something you'd better remain in your seat. It is disgraceful for a girl of your age to be so awkward."

Poor Barbara stumbled back to her desk, her tears combining with the coal dust to produce an effect truly grotesque. Anne felt a prick of conscience but it only served to increase her mental irritation. Just as Anne was snapping the sums out St. Clair Donnell arrived.

"You are half an hour late, St. Clair," Anne reminded him frigidly. "Why is this?"

"I had to help Ma make a pudding for dinner 'cause we're expecting company and Clarice Almira's sick," was St. Clair's answer, given in a respectful voice but provocative of great mirth among his mates.

"Take your seat and work out the six problems on page eighty-four of your arithmetic for punishment," said Anne. St. Clair looked amazed but went meekly to his desk and took out his slate. Then he stealthily passed a small parcel to Joe Sloane across the aisle. Anne caught him in the act and jumped to a conclusion.

Old Mrs. Hiram Sloane had taken to making and selling "nut cakes" by way of adding to her income. The cakes were tempting and for several weeks Anne had had trouble in regard to them. The boys would bring the cakes to school, and, if possible, eat them during school hours. Anne had warned them that if they brought any more cakes to school they would be confiscated. Here was St. Clair Donnell passing a parcel of them, wrapped up in the blue and white striped paper Mrs. Hiram used, under her eyes.

"Joseph," said Anne quietly, "bring that parcel here."

Joe obeyed. He was a fat urchin who blushed and stuttered when he was frightened. Never did anybody look more guilty than at that moment.

"Throw it into the fire," said Anne.

Joe looked blank. "P-p-p-lease, m-m-miss," he began.

"Do as I tell you, Joseph."

"B-b-but m-m-miss-th-th-they're—" gasped Joe in desperation.

"Joseph, are you going to obey me or not?" said Anne.

Joe, with an agonized glance at St. Clair, went to the stove, opened the front door, and threw the blue and white parcel in. Then dodged back just in time.

The innocent looking parcel which Anne had supposed to contain Mrs. Hiram's nut cakes held an assortment of firecrackers and pin-wheels for which Warren Sloane had sent to town by St. Clair Donnell's father the day before intending to have a birthday celebration that evening. The crackers went off into a thunder-clap of noise and the pin-wheels bursting out of the door spun madly around the room, hissing and spluttering. Anne dropped into her chair. The girls climbed, shrieking upon their desks. Joe Sloane stood in the midst of the commotion and St. Clair, helpless with laughter, rocked to and fro in the aisle. Prillie Rogers fainted and Annetta Bell went into hysterics.

It seemed a long time before the last pin-wheel subsided. Anne sprang to open doors and windows and let out the gas and smoke which filled the room. Then she helped the girls carry Prillie into the porch, where Barbara Shaw poured a pailful of half frozen water over Prillie's face and shoulders before anyone could stop her.

It was a full hour before quiet was restored, but it was a quiet that might be felt. Everybody realized that even the explosion had not cleared the teacher's atmosphere. Nobody, except Anthony Pye, dared whisper. The geography class were whisked through a continent with a speed that made them dizzy. The grammar class were parsed and analyzed within an inch of their lives. Chester Sloane, spelling "odoriferous" with two f's, was made to feel that he could never live down the disgrace of it.

Anne knew she had made herself ridiculous and the incident would be laughed over that night at a score of tea-tables, but the knowledge angered her further. In a calmer mood she could have carried off the situation with a

laugh but now that was impossible; so she ignored it in icy disdain.

When Anne returned to school after dinner all the children were in their seats and every face was bent over a desk except Anthony Pye's. He peered across his book at Anne, his eyes sparkling with curiosity and mockery. Anne twitched open the drawer of her desk and a lively mouse sprang out of the drawer, scampered over the desk and leaped to the floor.

Anne screamed and sprang back, and Anthony Pye laughed aloud.

Then a silence fell, a creepy, uncomfortable silence. Annetta Bell was of two minds whether to go into hysterics again or not, especially as she didn't know where the mouse had gone. But she decided not to.

"Who put that mouse in my desk?" said Anne. Her voice was quite low but it made a shiver go up and down Paul Irving's spine. Joe Sloane caught her eye, but stuttered out wildly.

"N-n-not m-m-me t-t-teacher, n-n-not m-m-me."

Anne paid no attention to Joseph. She looked at Anthony Pye, and Anthony Pye looked back.

"Anthony, was it you?"

"Yes, it was," said Anthony insolently.

Anne took her pointer from her desk. It was a long, heavy hardwood pointer.

"Come here, Anthony," she said.

TO BE CONTINUED

Copyright, 1909, by L. C. Page & Company (Incorporated). All rights reserved.

The Christmas Problem—Solved

ON pages twelve and thirteen of this issue of THE HOUSEWIFE will be found a beautiful double-page advertisement of The Baird-North Company of Providence, R. I. The advertisement in itself is big enough and beautiful enough to catch the eye, and it tells its own story very convincingly, but we want to make sure that every reader of THE HOUSEWIFE cuts off the coupon at the corner and sends it in to the Baird-North Company for a catalogue.

The Baird-North Company is the largest mail-order jewelry house in the world, and its very size is a tribute to its business methods. This business was started sixteen years ago in a very small way, but with the determination to give every customer a square deal and its wonderful success is built up on just one thing—satisfied customers, more than a million of them.

It sells every article in the catalogue under an iron-clad guarantee that makes it just as safe to trade with it as in any jewelry store in your own town, and the customer, whether she lives in the farthest confines of the United States or in a foreign country, may buy with the absolute certainty of getting a square deal.

Last year and the year before more than six thousand of our readers sent for Baird-North catalogues advertised in THE HOUSEWIFE, and not a single one of them had any cause to complain. This year we hope that every reader will send for the new catalogue.

The Baird-North catalogue is in itself a thing of beauty, and should be in every home. It is a triumph of the engraver's art, and its 192 pages are completely filled with beautiful pictures of the most fascinating of silver novelties of every description. More than 10,000 pieces are pictured and listed and so great is the variety that the catalogue is practically an encyclopedia of the field it covers.

It is a valuable book to have about the house at all seasons of the year, and is indispensable at Christmas time.

How many times have we all resolved to take time by the forelock and make our Christmas purchases early, only to find that we've had to join with thousands of others in the last mad rush on the night before Santa Claus makes his visit.

Then we've found that we never could get things satisfactorily in the rush and crush of Christmas Eve shopping, and indeed we always considered ourselves mighty lucky if we didn't get things all mixed up and give Grandma Willie's new sled, while Willie howls with delight (?) at the receipt of a new silver holder for a pair of spectacles.

This catalogue obviates all this rush and confusion. The variety of articles listed is so comprehensive that gifts to suit every taste may be found therein. How much easier it is to sit down in the quiet of one's home and look through an interesting book checking here and there the things that appear to fit the needs of each of our friends? Then set the numbers down on the order sheet and send it along with a money-order for the amount and sit back with a feeling of satisfaction at the thought that the Christmas gifts are all taken care of—for Baird-North will do the rest.

No matter where you live, this catalogue places you on an equal footing with the persons who have access to the big department stores. The prices are lower than can be obtained in most stores, and you can absolutely rely on the integrity of this house.

So sit right down now and fill out the coupon on page thirteen and send it in to-day, so as to have the catalogue in the house. It is absolutely free and we know you will enjoy the book and if you buy of the Baird-North Company, we know you will enjoy your experience.

NO MORE HOMELY WOMEN DIMPLES FOR ANY WOMAN— WRINKLES VANISH FIGURE DEVELOPED

PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS REMOVED FOREVER

Let this woman send you free, everything she agrees, follow her instructions, and beautify your face and form quickly.



The World's Greatest Beauty SHE LOOKS LIKE A GIRL OF 18

How we all envy the girl with a dimple in either cheek and how we frown at the world because dimples have been denied us, and so long as dimples are considered a mark of beauty, the feminine world will crave them. This woman, by the simplest method, is able to produce a dimple quickly, and any woman, by following her instructions may have one of these irresistible beauty spots.

This clever woman has not a wrinkle upon her face; she has perfected a marvelous, simple method which brought a wonderful change in her face in a single night. For removing wrinkles and developing the figure, her method is truly wonderfully rapid.

She made herself the woman she is today and brought about the wonderful change in her appearance in a secret and pleasant manner. Her complexion is as clear and fair as that of a child. She turned her scrawny figure into a beautiful and well-developed form. She had thin, scrawny eye-lashes and eyebrows, which could scarcely be seen, and she made them long, thick and beautiful and removed every blackhead and pimple in a single night.

You can imagine her joy, when by her own simple discovery, she removed every wrinkle from her face and developed her thin neck and form to beautiful proportions.

Nothing is taken into the stomach, no mask or common massage, no harmful plasters; no rollers, no worthless creams.

By her new process, she removes wrinkles and develops the whole figure plump and fat.

It is simply astonishing the hundreds of women who write in regarding the wonderful results from this new beauty treatment, which is beautifying their face and form after beauty doctors and other methods failed.

Mary Merritt, of Wis., writes, her wrinkles have entirely disappeared. Miss Hanson writes, her figure is beautifully developed and wrinkles gone. Mrs. Markham writes, she has not a wrinkle left.

The valuable new beauty book which Madame Cunningham is sending free to thousands of women is certainly a blessing to womankind, as it makes known her remarkable methods of beautifying the face and figure of unattractive women.

All our readers should write her at once and she will send you absolutely free, everything she agrees and will show our readers.

How to quickly remove wrinkles;

How to develop a beautiful figure quickly;

How to develop the figure;

How to make long, thick eyelashes and eyebrows;

How to remove blackheads, pimples and freckles;

How to remove dark circles under the eyes;

How to quickly remove double chin;

How to build up sunken cheeks and add flesh to the body;

How to darken gray hair and stop hair falling;

How to remove warts and moles.

Simply address your letter to Evelyn Cunningham, Suite 707, 7 Randolph Street, Chicago, Ill., and don't send any money, because particulars are free, as this charming woman is doing her utmost to benefit girls or women in need of secret information, which will add to their beauty and make life sweeter and lovelier in every way.

Now is the time to write and learn her beauty secrets, lest your beauty passes, even as the petals of a rose withers into the drift of yesterday's flower.

"Ten Dollars for a Double Chin I Can't Remove in a Week"

Says Mae Edna Wilder

No Dieting, Massage, Face Straps, Physical Culture or Internal Remedies

I removed my double chin and took off twenty pounds of superfluous flesh by the simple external application of a substance that makes flesh vanish like magic. It is so simple and easy that your most intimate associates need not know you use it. I feel ten years younger and as light-hearted as a girl of seventeen.

I would not take back my unsightly double chin and my burden of excessive flesh for anything in all the world. I am so grateful that I will tell anyone free of charge how I did it, and will guarantee to do as much for them if they will follow my advice. Don't write through curiosity. Don't write unless you have a double chin or excessive flesh, but if you suffer as I did, write me in confidence and you will find immediate relief. Mae Edna Wilder, Dept. 120 D, Rochester, N. Y., is my address, and I have a message that will make glad the heart of anyone who carries a burden of overweight and its most annoying and disfiguring mark, a double chin.



November Helps in Home Matters

Have Bedclothes Warm but Not Heavy.—The old-fashioned quilts lined with thick layers of batting weighed down the sleeper but did not impart to him very much heat. A single layer of lambswool will prove more satisfactory than several of the batting, while down between silkoline makes an ideal quilt, one that indeed is almost too warm in most sections. The three-quarters-wool blankets are perhaps the most hygienic coverings of all. All wool is not advisable as it will shrink and mat when laundered unless the greatest care is observed. If a flannel or flannel nightgown or bed sack be worn during the coldest weather it will not be necessary to pile on the bed covering.

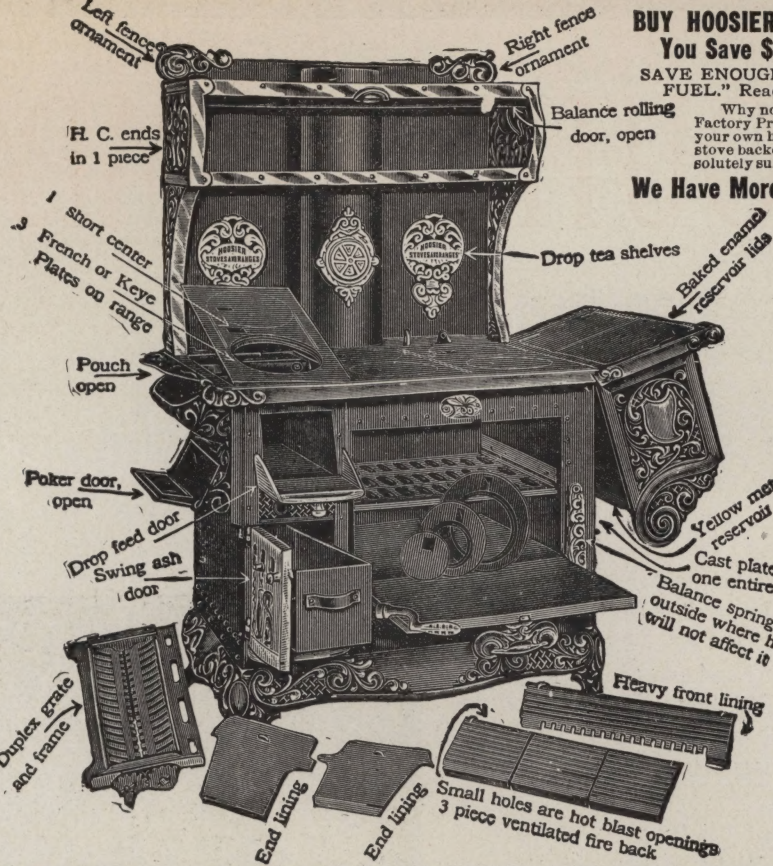
If One Has a Suspicion that Gas Pipes are Leaking a sure test can be made by mixing soap and water until almost a paste is formed, then the joints and other suspected places in the pipes coated with this. If there be a crack or break bubbles will appear there in a little while. This is a much safer plan than to attempt to locate the leak with matches or candle which often leads to an explosion.

To Clean Plaster of Paris Figures or Placques wash with white soap and water if very dirty, then give them a heavy coating of whiting mixed with water until it is like cream. Use a soft flat brush for the coating. The pieces will look like new as soon as the coating dries.

The Next Time You Have Threads to Draw for fancy hemming or for showing where to cut linen, soap the wrong side of the material along the line where the threads are to be drawn. It will make the work much easier. Stiff cotton will sew much easier if the seam edge be soaped, and beautiful even holes for eyelet embroidery may be made if a cake of soap be held under the material and the stiletto thrust through and into it.

Windows will not Frost if they are wiped off with a cloth dipped in alcohol or kerosene, and when it is desired to give them brilliancy after washing try wiping them with cold water in which has been dissolved a half a cupful of starch to a half gallon of water. Let this dry on, then rub off with a dry cloth.

DON'T PAY TWO PRICES FOR STOVES & RANGES



The New 1911 improvements on Hoosier stoves and ranges absolutely surpass anything ever produced. Get our free Catalogue and see our wonderful improvements and you will surely buy.

HOOSIER STOVE FACTORY
258 STATE STREET, MARION, INDIANA

BUY HOOSIER STOVES AND RANGES AT FACTORY PRICES!

You Save \$18.00 to \$22.00 on a Range or Base Burner.

SAVE ENOUGH ON A SINGLE STOVE TO BUY YOUR WINTER'S FUEL." Read About Our Remarkable Stove Improvements.

Why not buy the best when you can buy them at such low, unheard-of Factory Prices. Hoosier Stoves and Ranges are delivered for you to use in your own home 30 days free before you buy. A written guarantee with each stove backed by a Million Dollars. Our new 1911 improvements on stoves absolutely surpass anything ever produced. Send postal today for free catalog.

We Have More Than Ten Thousand Letters Like Letters Below:

SAVED \$20.00 TO \$30.00

Ashville, N.Y. Gentlemen—Wish to say that I am delighted with my Hoosier Range. It is a good heater, a fine baker, and takes the least fuel of any stove I have ever used. I find it exactly what you represented and as good a stove as my neighbors have that cost \$20.00 and \$30.00 more. Will speak a good word for you at every opportunity. Yours truly, Miss R. A. Card.

SAVED ENTIRE WINTER'S FUEL.

Mt. Morris, Ill. Hoosier Stove Co., Marion, Ind.: Gentlemen—The Hoosier Steel and Hoosier Poem Base Burner which I ordered from you last Fall are satisfactory in every way. Have taken plenty of time to give them a thorough test and find they are all you claim for them. Saved more than enough to buy my fuel for the winter by ordering my stoves from the Hoosier Stove Factory. Am ever ready and willing to say a good word for your Co. and will advise my friends to buy a Hoosier Stove or Range from your factory. Wishing your continued success, I am, Respectfully, Frank S. Stonebaker, R. R. No. 2. Let us send you the names of Hoosier Users in your community.

NOTICE
No matter where you live we deliver Hoosiers to you to use 30 days free in your own home before you buy.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

Cut out this coupon today, sign your name and address in full and mail to us: Hoosier Stove Factory, 258 State St., Marion, Indiana. Gentlemen—Please mail me free your Hoosier Catalogue containing full particulars as to your new 1911 improvements on stoves. I may purchase a Cook Stove, Range, Heating Stove or Base Burner in the near future. (Place X over the kind of stove you are interested in.) Name _____ Town, St. address or P. O. Box _____ State _____ No letter necessary just sign and mail this free coupon today.



THE HOUSEWIFE and The Ladies' World

BOTH FOR ONE YEAR FOR ONLY 65 CENTS

THE LADIES' WORLD is an ideal magazine for women and the home. Its many departments, treating on every subject which pertains to the care of the home and family, have been strong features in bringing about the popularity of this publication. It has many well illustrated serial and short stories each month.

OUR BIG BARGAIN OFFER IS

The Housewife The Ladies' World The Modern Priscilla The Pictorial Review	\$1.50
--	---------------

FOUR OTHER LIBERAL OFFERS

The Housewife The Ladies' World American Woman	80c
The Housewife The Ladies' World Every Woman's Magazine	90c
The Housewife The Ladies' World McCall's Magazine	\$1.10
The Housewife The Ladies' World Little Folks	\$1.40

Remit by P. O. Money Order or by Registered Letter, and address

The Housewife, 52 Duane St., New York



The Housewife and Little Folks BOTH FOR ONE YEAR FOR \$1.00

LITTLE FOLKS, a magazine for children from two to twelve. Full of sunshine all through. Each story printed in *Little Folks* is planned not only to please the mind through the eye and ear, but to train it to like good literature, to develop the child's powers of observation, his imagination, his moral nature and his memory. The best Christmas gift for a child is a year's subscription to *Little Folks*. In addition to the combination offered above we offer the following especially attractive combinations of reading matter at money saving prices:

The Housewife Little Folks Needlecraft	\$1.20
The Housewife Little Folks The Ladies' World	\$1.40
The Housewife Little Folks McCall's Magazine	\$1.45
The Housewife Little Folks Farm & Fireside	\$1.40
The Housewife Little Folks Modern Priscilla	\$1.60

Please remit by P. O. Money Order or by Registered letter and address
THE HOUSEWIFE, 52 DUANE STREET, NEW YORK

THE HOUSEWIFE AND NEEDLECRAFT BOTH FOR ONE YEAR FOR 50 CENTS

NEEDLECRAFT is brimming over with information and instructions from the realm of fashion and needlework. Pages of the current and standard fashions, with patterns easy to cut and make by; pages of all kinds of practical needlework, including embroidery, crocheting, tatting, etc.; chapters on home decoration and ornament; talks on home millinery. In fact, nothing is omitted that can possibly instruct, interest, entertain or aid you. Needlecraft also has a department of hints and helps, setting forth what other women have discovered in the realm of needlework—and this, too, is a "prize column." That the fashion department is full and complete in every detail, goes without saying. It gives you suggestions as to the newest fabrics and fancies, on millinery, on all that pertains to the question of sensible, stylish dress for the little and big folks, with a page devoted especially to children's garments and helps for the mother.

We offer below a number of unusually low priced combinations all of which include Needlecraft

The Housewife Needlecraft American Woman	65c	The Housewife Needlecraft McCall's Magazine	90c
The Housewife Needlecraft Every Woman's Magazine	70c	The Housewife Needlecraft Modern Priscilla	95c
The Housewife Needlecraft Ladies' World	80c	The Housewife Needlecraft Little Folks	\$1.20

Please remit by P. O. Money Order or by Registered letter and address
THE HOUSEWIFE, 52 DUANE STREET, NEW YORK

The Modern Priscilla A Magazine Exclusively for Women



THE HOUSEWIFE and The Modern Priscilla

BOTH FOR ONE YEAR FOR ONLY 75 CENTS

THE MODERN PRISCILLA has for many years occupied a unique position in the magazine field being a high grade magazine devoted exclusively to Fancy Work, Home Decoration and kindred subjects and a recognized authority in its special domain. We also offer the following combinations at special discounts:

OUR BIGGEST BARGAIN IS

The Housewife The Modern Priscilla The Ladies' World The Pictorial Review	\$1.50
--	---------------

FOUR OTHER LIBERAL OFFERS:

The Housewife The Modern Priscilla Needlecraft	95c
The Housewife The Modern Priscilla Every Woman's Magazine	\$1.10
The Housewife The Modern Priscilla McCall's Magazine	\$1.20
The Housewife The Modern Priscilla Little Folks	\$1.60

Please remit by P. O. Money Order or Registered Letter, and address

The Housewife, 52 Duane St., New York

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

The Companion has lately added many new features, giving subscribers an increase of reading matter in the year's 52 issues equal to 400 pages of standard magazine size and type, but the quality remains as high, the price as low as formerly.

For the Boys

Expert advice on Football, Baseball and other Sports and Pastimes; Encounters with Indians; Fishing and Hunting Exploits; Handy Contrivances for the Young Mechanic.

For the Girls

Stories of Girls who have made their own Way; Stories of Obscure Heroines; Stories of everyday Girls at Home or in College; Careers for Girls; Useful Hints.

For the Family

Practical Short Articles about the Kitchen, the Parlor, the Garden, the Hennerly—everything that can be of help in making home more comfortable, more beautiful.

300

Glorious Stories for Everybody

Stories that hold the interest, Stories of Pluck, Stories of Perilous Adventures, Stories of Athletics, Stories of the Mountains and the Sea.

1000

Notes on what the World is Doing

The most recent of discoveries and inventions, terse editorials, science, mechanics, natural history, politics and government.

50

Popular Papers by Famous Writers

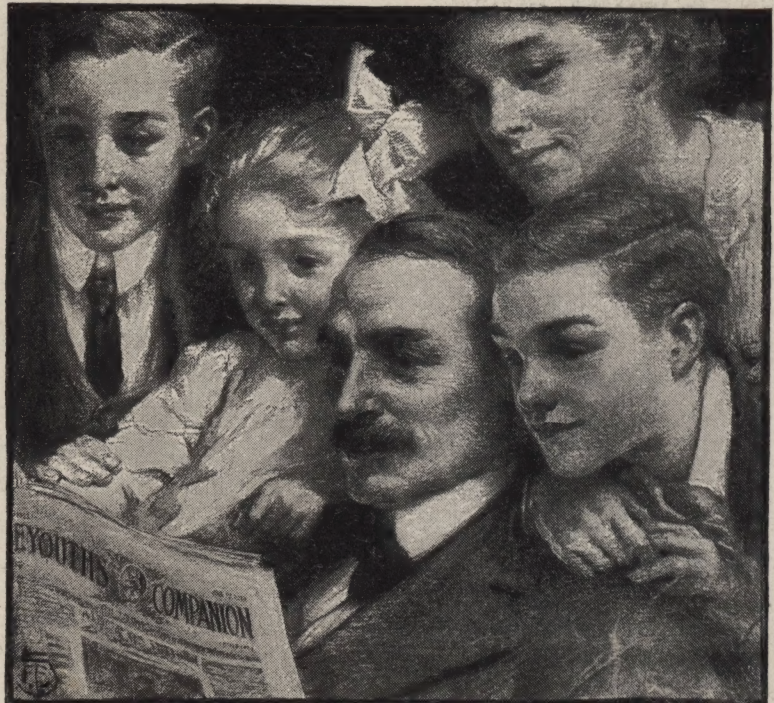
These Papers take one into the workshop and the laboratory, into remote corners of the world with intrepid travellers.

2000

1-Minute Stories, Anecdotes, etc.

These include diverting thumb-nail sketches, odd happenings, bits of biography and history, the best selections of wisdom, wit and humor.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE—NATURAL HISTORY—WITH THE SCIENTISTS—CURRENT EVENTS—THE DOCTOR'S WEEKLY COUNSEL, Etc.



THE COMPANION ENTERTAINS EVERY WEEK
HALF A MILLION AMERICAN FAMILIES

All the Remaining 1910 Issues Free How to Get Them

EVERY NEW SUBSCRIBER who cuts out and sends this slip (or mentions this publication) with \$1.75 for the 52 issues of The Companion for 1911 will receive

FREE

All the issues for the remaining weeks of 1910, including the beautiful Holiday Numbers for Thanksgiving and Christmas.

FREE

The Companion's 1911 Art Calendar, lithographed in twelve colors and gold.

Then The Youth's Companion for the 52 weeks of 1911, equal to the contents of twenty-seven 300-page books of fiction, travel, popular science, sports and pastimes, etc., ordinarily costing \$1.50 each.

LC 31

Sample Copies of the Enlarged Companion and Announcement for 1911 Sent Anywhere Free.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.